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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,536—Vol. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



SCENE AT CONEY ISLAND AFTER THE STORM.



THE CREW ESCAPING BY MEANS OF THE "BREECHES BUOY."

THE DISASTROUS STORM OF FEBRUARY 17TH.—RESCUE OF A SCHOONER'S CREW OFF FIRE ISLAND BY THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

THE CABINET.

THE three months' agony of Cabinet-making is nearly at an end. Within a few days Mr. Cleveland will announce the names of the men who have consented to face the responsibilities of the first Democratic Administration for a quarter of a century. To receive the support of the people, who are neither blind partisans, politicians nor place men, this Cabinet must embody the leading ideas of economy and reform. It must be a unit as regards honest money, Civil Service Reform and such an intelligent but conservative reduction of the tariff as shall remove unnecessary taxation without further detriment to the depressed business interests of the country.

What are the probabilities? By general newspaper consent Mr. Bayard is to be the next Secretary of State. His stainless character and the ability which has made him the leader of his party are known of all men. He has opposed the foolish and dangerous Nicaragua scheme, and has therefore declared himself against entanglements with foreign Powers. We think that he would protect the rights of our citizens abroad, and would act with justice and unflinching firmness in any emergency which might arise out of dynamite crimes. He voted against the Silver Bill of 1878, and has put himself on record as against the continuance of silver coinage. Mr. Bayard holds sound opinions upon the subjects of the Tariff and Civil Service Reform. His appointment would be unexceptionable.

But the appointment to the Treasury is regarded as more important by the great business interests of the country, particularly at this period of financial depression. Mr. Randall, the leading Democratic exponent of Protection, is said to have declined the office. Mr. Hewitt, despite a not altogether consistent record, and his special interests, has the confidence of Eastern business men; but the latest reports award the office to Mr. Daniel Manning. Mr. Manning is known chiefly as an acute "practical" politician of the Tilden school and as the intimate friend of Mr. Cleveland. The fact that he owes his present ownership of a prosperous country paper, and the presidency of a country bank, solely to his own efforts, gives him no especial distinction over thousands of other architects of their own fortunes. As a financier he has no record outside of Albany. He is said to be opposed to silver coinage and to sympathize with Mr. Randall's extreme Protectionist views. But he is a man of no national reputation, and his appointment would cause uneasiness among business men and misgivings lest the Treasury should become merely a means of paying political debts. Mr. W. C. Whitney, who has been talked of for this office, is too closely associated with corporation interests; and Mr. Alexander Mitchell is little known outside of railroad circles.

The new Secretary of the Interior will be expected to maintain the rights of the people against the evasions of the Pacific railroads, and against encroachers upon the public domains, whether they be cattle kings, corrupt officials or timber thieves. The man pre-eminently fitted for this task is Allan G. Thurman, of Ohio. It may be that his age, or a fear of the McLean influence, will deter Mr. Cleveland from making this appointment. But the selection of neither Holman, McDonald nor Lamar would give the same assurance of a wise and unflinching administration of this department. Mr. Garland has served with distinction upon the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, but he has yet to prove his possession of the decision and energy of character required in the Attorney-general of a reform Administration.

Senator Lamar is respected as a man of high character and broad views, but it is doubtful whether he has the executive talent, the willingness to do hard, uninteresting work, and the faculty for painstaking necessary for a successful Postmaster-general. Moreover, the occupant of this office should be the staunchest of Civil Service reformers.

At last accounts the Navy Department is to be given to a Massachusetts man, either Mr. J. Q. Adams, Mr. William Endicott, General P. A. Collins, or Mr. Leopold Morse. The first two names are particularly acceptable to the Independents, who, it may be noted, have asked and will ask nothing for themselves. Any one of the four would be preferable to a politician like Mr. Jones, of New Hampshire.

General Vilas, of Wisconsin, is the latest favorite for the War Department. He has shown decided executive ability in the management of large business interests, but by the people at large he will be regarded as an untried man. General McClellan seems to have dropped from public mention. Mr. McDonald may yet be selected for the Interior or Navy Department, despite the opposition of Mr. Hendricks. Mr. W. C. Whitney is another possibility. Messrs. Holman, Money, of Mississippi; Jonas, of Louisiana; Stockton, of New Jersey; Waller, of Connecticut; Gordon, of Georgia; Pattison, of Pennsyl-

vania; and Morrison, of Illinois, appear to have been eliminated from the race.

On the whole the outlook is encouraging. The people ask of Mr. Cleveland simply that in his selection of his official advisers, he will act in obedience to the principle he has enunciated: "Public office is a public trust." If he will do that, and constitute his Cabinet of men holding the same view, the country will have no reason to complain.

THE HARVARD ANNEX.

FIFTY years ago the wildest radical would not have ventured to claim for girls the advantages accessible to boys for a liberal education. If here and there a girl before that day had longed for such advantages, her social environment would probably have constrained her to smother her aspirations, since the disclosure of them would have subjected her to immeasurable ridicule as one willing to unsex herself. But about this period the question of woman's rights began to stir the minds and hearts of a few courageous people, who were not afraid to encounter public derision for the sake of a great truth. When these brave reformers first began to avow their heresy, and a few women had the courage to work openly and publicly in behalf of one or another change in the customs and habits of society, the pulpit and the press united in condemning the innovators as fanatics and fools. It is only a little more than thirty years since, in a great Temperance Convention in this city, eminent ministers and laymen sunk themselves to the level of rowdies in order to drown the voice of a modest and delicate woman, whose right of membership they had themselves acknowledged. Only a few years earlier the Anti-Slavery Society was rent in twain by the appointment of a sweet-hearted Quaker woman to serve upon a committee!

But how different is the state of public sentiment in regard to woman's appropriate sphere now from what it was a short time ago! To many of our best colleges girls are now admitted as freely as boys, and several others have been founded for their special accommodation. The oldest, most conservative, and best endowed of all our universities—the university at Cambridge—if it has not formally opened its doors to women, has taken a step which makes that measure a certainty in the near future. The "Harvard Annex" has more than once been brought to the notice of our readers. Started as an experiment, the failure of which many influential conservatives confidently predicted, it has been so successful as to confound all opposition and indicate the wisdom of its founders. A few ladies having sought admission to the college and been refused, the "Annex" was proposed by way of compromise. The corporation refused to have anything to do with it before its success should be conclusively demonstrated; but many of the professors agreed to co-operate, and money was raised to compensate them for their work, and to meet other necessary expenses. The experiment began six years ago with twenty-seven students, the terms of admission being substantially the same as those required for entering the university; and at the end of a four years' course, they were to receive, if they could pass the required examination, a certificate of proficiency, in some sense equivalent to the diploma awarded to male graduates of the college. It was said in the beginning that while a few girls might perhaps enter upon a course of classical and mathematical studies, their zeal would soon flag, or, if not, their health would surely fail, and the whole scheme come to nought.

Well, after six years, what is the result? The number of students has steadily increased, until now there are more than fifty in the several classes, in spite of the fact that the tuition is higher by \$50 per annum than for male students in the university. The female students have shown a capacity in all respects fully equal to that of male students, and the predictions that their health would prove inadequate have utterly failed. When the fund of \$75,000 subscribed for the support of the "Annex" shall be increased to \$100,000, as it is expected to do very shortly, it is understood that girls will be admitted to all the rights and privileges of the university on the same terms with boys. Thus the fanaticism of one generation becomes the wisdom of the next, and the brave defenders of unpopular reforms are vindicated.

IMPROVING BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

INDICATIONS are not wanting that the period of depression is drawing to a close, and that the wheels of industry will soon revolve as freely as before, and possibly more freely as a natural reaction from the protracted stagnation. The railways of the country form a good business barometer, and in view of the fact that twenty-eight out of thirty-nine roads have recently reported gains so far the present year over the same period in 1884, it is idle to maintain that the business prospects of the country are not improving. Some of the heaviest gains are reported by important Western roads, which during the latter months of 1884 showed a large falling off compared with the year previous. Grain is moving in large quantities, and orders are in consequence coming in from the rural districts, compelling manufacturers to add to their force of employes in order to meet the growing demands upon them.

Since the 1st of January ninety large manufacturing

enterprises have resumed work, giving thereby employment to 90,000 idle operatives. Within a few weeks twenty-one other concerns, mostly iron works, have resumed work after periods of idle ~~ness~~ extending from a few weeks to months in duration. Since the opening of the year fifty large establishments manufacturing iron and steel goods have started in nine different States, the revival being, as would be expected, more noticeable in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Mills and factories are beginning to resume work all over the country, and business men generally are more sanguine of a brisk trade in the immediate future than they have been for a year past. We will all welcome gladly the dawn of the brighter day.

EXTRAVAGANCE AT WASHINGTON.

IN proportion to the money paid out for services in Washington, there is probably a smaller amount saved than in any other city in the country. The holding of a public office has a tendency to beget two pernicious habits; first, prodigality and thriftlessness, because the paymaster is not a sharp-eyed and exacting employer, but a mysterious Lady Bountiful, whose purse can never run dry; second, indolence, because the employes have, on the whole, an easier time than any other workers in this land, and are not held to a strict accountability for their time. Of the clerks in office in Washington, an incredible proportion live up to their incomes; there is no such spirit of frugality as pervades other departments of workers who feel that their employers may fail, and it behooves them to lay by something for a rainy day.

The Washington papers tell us that the local stores complain that their sales have almost entirely discontinued; that the clerks, fearful of change on the accession of President Cleveland, have tardily begun to save. It would be well if the same feeling of insecurity could always possess the breast of the government clerk; if he could always be rendered uncertain of his tenure—not, indeed, from partizan resentment, but from a determination on the part of the authorities to exact the best work, and to discharge shirks without fear or favor.

In the very atmosphere of the Capitol there is something that tends to levity and a sort of financial, if not moral, recklessness. It is the very headquarters of our all-provident guardian, Uncle Sam; there he manufactures his money out of paper and works his whimsies; there he gives great balls and parties, and pays for them lavishly; there the humble clerk, if he be ambitious and reckless of expense, may meet the greatest in the land on a footing of cordial acquaintanceship. It is the ideal Bohemia; and the denizen who is paid from Uncle Sam's pocket and has only an average supply of virtue, becomes the ideal Bohemian. Let us hope that the administration of President Cleveland, without regard to the disbursements of Jefferson for wines, will turn over a new leaf. Let moderation and economy be the watchword. Let the receptions be simple and informal. Let republican simplicity be restored to the State dinners. Let great balls be given by private citizens alone. Let the Treasury clerk acquire something of the forethought and self-denial of the New England artisan who puts a percentage of his earnings in the Savings Bank. And let everybody be held to a strict accountability for time squandered. Then it may seem that the political revolution has not been made in vain.

WASHINGTON AND OTHER HISTORICAL MEN.

AN interesting series of historical inquiries concerning our most distinguished historical men have recently been presented and answered by the *Daily Graphic*, of this city. At the head of the list of those who have done the most to promote the permanent welfare of the United States, which includes, very properly, Hamilton and Lincoln, Washington finds his true historical place. Mr. Gladstone has recently declared that he was "profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness" of Washington's character, and proceeds to rank him first among historical men "of extraordinary nobility and purity." A great man of Washington's symmetrical development of character and harmoniously balanced faculties, does not dazzle the mind like some meteoric men of genius. But he had the genius of common sense. He had a most extraordinary weight and dignity of character. He had not only rare good judgment, but almost an absolutely unerring judgment. He knew how to avail himself of the best talent and best aids about him. He could judge most accurately of the relative weight and soundness of all arguments presented to him on all great questions. He was not so brilliant as General Green, General Charles Lee, Lafayette, or even in the field, but he was always prudent, cautious and safe. This, and much more, may be fittingly recalled concerning America's first citizen and the most colossal character in history, whose just completed monument comports with his own grandly colossal greatness.

Returning to the literary and historical queries of our contemporary, we have no fault to find with a list of authors in which Emerson, Hawthorne and Irving are placed first. The other most honored names in American prose literature are those of Prescott, Motley, Holmes, Parkman, Bancroft and Cooper, each of whom has his particular admirers. As to the poets, there is less unanimity of opinion. The popular judgment is undoubtedly for Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant. Tennyson, Longfel-

low, and many English and American critics, however, say that Joaquin Miller, in point of poetic genius, is not surpassed. While the mass of the people have not read his works, it is perhaps impossible to find one reader of his two earliest volumes, which were so lauded in England, who does not accord to Miller the first or second place among American poets. His longer poems are unquestionably the best.

Among the foremost orators in our history are James Otis, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, William West, William Pinckney, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas Corwin, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, S. S. Prentiss, James A. Garfield, and some three or more undoubted orators who are now living. From so dazzling a galaxy of orators, it seems impossible to declare who were the foremost three, but the selection might perhaps be safely made from a shorter list, embracing Patrick Henry, Webster, Choate, Clay, Corwin and Phillips.

The most successful soldiers in our history are Nathaniel Greene, Andrew Jackson, Winfield Scott, R. E. Lee, U. S. Grant, George G. Meade, W. T. Sherman, George H. Thomas, and P. H. Sheridan. Concerning the relative merits of these generals, there is, of course, room for wide difference of opinion. The popular judgment is perhaps at variance with the military judgment which would doubtless place Lee, Grant and Scott in the foremost rank.

Concerning the relative rank of our great artists, it may be said that the best known, most distinguished American artists are not, really, in all cases the best, the most meritorious artists. The best known artists are Benjamin West, who left the United States at twenty; Gilt-hurst Stuart, who lived mostly in England; John Trumbull, Washington Allston, Horatio Greenough and Hiram Powers. The artists who have executed the best works, and have thus done the most to create American art and a taste for true art are: Rinehart, Ward, Powers, Story, John Rogers, Elliott, Baker, Healy, Huntington, Thomas Moran, Church, and a half dozen more who are still living. It seems invidious to try to discriminate among so many good men, but the sculptors, Story, Powers, Ward and Crawford are near the top.

Lastly, with regard to our greatest statesmen, there can scarcely be any dispute among historical students concerning two—Madison and Webster. The third, it would seem, should be either De Witt Clinton, Alex. Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln or John Marshall. The last-named was and is peerless among American jurists, and is known among lawyers as the great chief-justice. But Marshall's interpretations of the Constitution were not lawyer-like but statesmanlike. He had the statesman's grasp of constitutional law, and the statesman's knowledge of the science of Government. In legal acumen and in power as a reasoner, Marshall had no superior. Judged by the intellectual standard, he should rank with Madison and Webster. On the plane of statesmanship, not more than two men should be placed above him.

THE BRITISH IN EGYPT.

THE reassembling of the British Parliament on the 19th instant, was signalized by a prompt and vigorous attack by the Conservatives on the Government policy in Egypt. In the Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury expressed a "hope that England would not retire from Egypt leaving no record of her presence there except the mischief done and the bones of her soldiers." Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons threatened to move an address to the Queen, setting forth, among other things, "that the Government should distinctly recognize and take decided measures to fulfill the responsibility now incumbent upon them to insure good government in Egypt and in those portions of the Soudan necessary for Egypt's security." In both Houses prompt reply was made by the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone, in the Commons, summed up the purpose of the Government in this comprehensive statement: "Our policy in the Soudan is still for evacuation. The recent events there prevented the immediate application of this policy. The fall of Khartoum altered, in a military sense, the whole situation in the Soudan. Lord Wolseley is authorized to take what measures he sees fit to overthrow the Mahdi at Khartoum. No further communications will be made to the Mahdi, but any received from him will be considered." Meanwhile it is announced that orders have been issued for the withdrawal of the advanced columns of British troops from Gubat and Birti; the abandonment of the movement against Berber, and the concentration of the available force in General Wolseley's command at Debbeh, on the Nile, with possibly a small advance guard at Korti. At Debbeh several desert routes converge, and it is believed that, properly entrenched, the army can there hold its own against any force that may assail it. The British retreat will, no doubt, embolden the Mahdi, and dishearten the tribes hitherto friendly to the British, but it is far wiser to withdraw than to persist in a campaign which could only result in disaster. The latest reports indicate that General Buller, retreating from Gubat, has been compelled to halt at Abu-Klea Wells, where he is in danger of extermination by the Arabs, and it is even intimated that Wolseley himself is in extreme peril. Reinforcements continue to leave England for Suakim—a battalion of the famous Coldstream Guards, with detachments of Hussars and of the Engineer Corps, and a battalion of the Grenadier Guards having started last week. At the same time the Government has called out the reserves and ordered the embodiment of the militia for emergency service. Whether the Gladstone Ministry shall maintain itself or fall before the storm of popular indignation, it is evident that fresh vigor will mark all future operations in the Soudan.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have elsewhere discussed the situation in the Soudan and the attitude of parties in the British Parliament concerning the policy of the Government. It is not probable that a vote on the proposed motion of censure will be immediately reached; the

first week or fortnight will be occupied in fencing and manœuvring, with questions, notices of motions and speeches; and Mr. Gladstone, having obtained precedence for the Bill for the Redistribution of Seats, he may ultimately manage to avert a direct vote of "want of confidence." At this writing, however, the tide is, undoubtedly, running strongly against him.

The French have achieved another victory over the Chinese, the fleet under Admiral Courbet having sunk two of their warships in an engagement on the Ningpo River. Three other Chinese vessels made their escape. The French force under General de l'Isle have occupied Langson and Kulua, the Chinese, after stubborn fighting, setting fire to the former and withdrawing toward the frontier. They are said to have lost heavily in killed and wounded and in materials of war. These successes bring the French close to the border of China, and place them in good position for future offensive operations.

While it is insisted by the semi-official journals of St. Petersburg that Russia has no thought of seizing Herat and entertains nothing but pacific intentions towards the Afghans, the British Commissioners, charged with the adjustment of the frontier dispute, strongly urge the immediate occupation of Herat by England in order to prevent its falling into Russian hands. It is said that Russia has to fix the frontier line eighty miles north of Herat, leaving the mountain passes, the natural strategic boundary, in the possession of the Afghans, but the sincerity of this proposition seems to be doubted.

Germany has scored another point in the development of her colonial policy, having by treaty gained a protectorate over the Samoan or Navigator's Islands. These islands have an area of 1,125 square miles, with a Christian population of about 40,000, and are fairly productive. Their trade is already mostly in German hands. Samoa is chiefly valuable as a naval station, having one of the best harbors in the South Pacific. Serious charges have been made relative to the arbitrary methods employed by Germany in the seizure of the Cameroon country, and British residents who suffered loss in a recent bombardment have appealed to the Home Government for redress.

The death of General Stewart, the hero of the battle of Abu Klea, which occurred on the 16th instant, produced a profound sensation in London, hopes of his recovery having been very generally entertained.

THE success of the New Orleans Exposition is becoming more and more doubtful. It now owes \$319,000, and while the expenses have been reduced to the lowest possible point, the receipts scarcely pay the daily outlay. Unless Congress shall decide to invest the additional sum of \$500,000 now asked for by the management, in the hope of recovering the million and a quarter already risked on the enterprise, it is difficult to see how the Exposition can go on.

THE German Statistical Bureau for the first time has issued an official statement relative to the number of Germans residing in other countries, the totals being as follows: In Switzerland there are 95,262; in Austria, 98,510; in France, 81,988; in Great Britain, 40,371; in Russia, 394,299; in the United States, 1,966,742, and in other countries a sufficient number to make up a total of 2,843,640. These figures are not consoling to the German Government, and it is not improbable that emigration in future will be placed under such restrictions as will seriously diminish the number of emigrants to other lands.

THE strike of the Hocking Valley miners is practically at an end, and the men who have so long stood out against the reduction of wages are now eagerly seeking employment. Owing, however, to the fact that some 2,000 new men have been imported by the employers, many of the old hands are unable to find work, and all assistance from without having ceased their condition is pitiable in the extreme. It has been apparent for some time that the employing companies must in the end carry their point as against the starving workmen, but their success will not alter the fact that their policy has been harsh and oppressive, if not actually cruel.

THE Assembly at Albany has passed the Bill appropriating \$20,000 for the purchase and improvement of the site of the State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill. That it should become a law is the practically unanimous wish of the intelligent National Guardsmen of the Empire State, this desire being based on the excellent results from the three years the camp has been established, of which Adjutant-general Farnsworth, in his last annual report tersely and truthfully declares: "It is doing more to fit the officers and men for the duties they may be called upon to perform than any other means that could be employed."

THE Sunny South has this Winter been afflicted with extremes of temperature, which in that latitude are quite phenomenal. In New Orleans, recently, there was a fall in the thermometer of seventy degrees in forty-eight hours. The tropical plants at the World's Exposition, of which there was a fine display, were completely wilted by the frost, no provisions having been made for heating the building. In Texas, twenty-five per cent. of the cattle are reported to have died off the fields from the excessive cold and the destruction of the grass by the frost. This statement, however, is probably exaggerated. At Montgomery, in Alabama, and Columbus, in Mississippi, there has been sleighing for the first time in the history of those cities. It is feared that in some districts the cotton will be found to have suffered seriously.

THE wisdom, no less than the justice, of having colored men as jurors, has been pretty clearly established in a recent murder trial in New Orleans. One Ford, a local politician, killed the editor of an illustrated paper, because he had fearlessly and persistently exposed the knavery of scoundrels in office. It was known of all men to be a deliberate, willful and cowardly murder, without a single extenuating circumstance, and this was fully proven at the trial. In the face of this evidence, eleven of the jury were for acquittal and one for conviction. The eleven were white men, and the one man who had courage as well as honesty was black. The result was a disagreement, and another trial will follow. Reasoning from these premises, if there had been twelve white men, the law would have been defied by declaring the murderer an innocent man; had there been twelve colored men, their oaths would have been held sacred, the law would have been vindicated, and the murderer would have been forced to meet the just penalty of his crime. The simple fact tells its own story and carries its own moral.

THE cause of woman's suffrage makes headway, and the other day in the United States Senate scored a palpable advantage. This did not come in the shape of any legislative action, but in the simple recognition of woman's legal right in the first act speech on the subject ever delivered in the halls of Congress, which was made

by Senator Palmer. Speaking on this subject, an intelligent Washington correspondent says that "it would surprise the women suffragists themselves if they knew how many Senators and Representatives are perfectly willing to vote for a sixteenth amendment. They say the trouble is that only a handful of women want it, and it will not be accomplished until the women suffragists stop arguing with men and go to arguing with women." General publicity has been given in the east to the excellent results produced by the voting of women in Washington Territory; and, at the recent annual meeting of the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, ex-Governor Hoyt, of Wyoming, testified that the fifteen years' experience of that territory in restoring to women their suffrage had been satisfactory in every way.

NATURE has compensations, it is said. Perhaps she has; but man is always unsettling her equations. Massachusetts has 80,000 old maids within her borders—80,000 women who cannot become wives because of the preponderance of their sex. Rhode Island and Connecticut are almost as badly off—tens of thousands of these types of sweetness fading away because of the same sexual disparity. Oregon and Colorado are quite as badly off the other way. Pat Donan, the Cicero of the Northwest, sends up the following howl of pain from the most populous of our Territories:

"Girls of America, look at Dakota, with four and a half men and boys to every woman and girl. Thousands of young and enterprising men, bonanza farmers and miners, raisers of gold and golden grain, bankers, merchants, town-site proprietors, thousands of young men of noble heart and brain and brawn, too brave and tender and true to be wasted, all sighing and longing to be heart-spitted, giggled like sentimental flounders—and not one marriageable girl to every half-hundred of them! Nearly every town in this greatest and grandest of the Territories is in the same deplorable fix, counting its girls over every night as carefully as old-time ladies do their chickens or spoons, and never able, by any arithmetic, to scare up more than one to every fifty fellows."

This is truly a heartrending picture. Let the marriageable girls of the East look upon it and pack up their things.

CHURCH-GOING in Huntington, Long Island, requires an unusual amount of fortitude, on account of the alarming Sabbath-breaking propensities of a huge black bear, who contrives to make periodical sorties from the confinement in which he is supposed to be kept by his owner. Only a week or two since, he walked abroad while the church bells were summoning people to the Sunday morning service. He was in excellent fighting trim, and had just raised a panic and stretched out two over-inquisitive mastiffs, when Deacon Plains, of the Colored Church, came in sight. The good deacon was absorbed in meditation upon the morning's text, which happened to be II. Kings, II. 24, and bruin charged upon him. It was a close race to the church, but the deacon got there first, just in time to slam the door against the nose of his pursuer, who was afterwards treed and captured. This is only one of several such escapades, and it is now hinted in Huntington that the bear's next promenade will receive additional éclat from the discharge of a number of shotguns and muskets which have been loaded to the muzzle in anticipation of that event. All of which goes to show that disagreeable features of street travel are not confined to our badly-kept metropolis, and that something may be accomplished by citizens taking the reform of such matters into their own hands.

THE suggestion that convict colonies should be established in Alaska, and that female as well as male criminals be sent there and allowed to marry, has recently been renewed. The scheme has at least the merit of originality, and it is just possible that it may be acted upon at some time in the future. To establish a Siberia on the American Continent might at first seem repugnant to very many persons, but there would be this great difference between it and the Russian Siberia—namely, that to Alaska no political prisoners would ever be consigned, and that those actually sent there would probably receive no more than their deserts. As a preventive of crime, it is very probable that the prospect of banishment to Alaska would prove more effective than fears of confinement in any of the prisons or penitentiaries in the country. One obvious advantage of such a colony would be the reduction of expenses for the support of the criminal class throughout the country. In Alaska they could be made self-supporting, as it is not conceivable that many of the most hardened criminals would prefer starvation to work, and for those who would prefer appropriating the results of the labor of the industrious to working themselves, prisons could be provided where they would be compelled to labor. Considerable freedom of action, too, could be permitted to all but the most intractable, as the penal colonies could be located in districts from which escape would be wellnigh impossible. Under such circumstances criminals could be forced to be industrious, and the result of their labor would not be such as to provoke remonstrances on the part of the laboring classes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE friends of the River and Harbor Bill hope to pass it through the House during the present week.

OVER 3,000 carpet factory employes at Yonkers, N. Y., went on strike last week, and all the factories are now idle.

ONE HUNDRED Mormon converts, gathered from Georgia and adjoining States, started for Salt Lake city last week.

By a collision on a Virginia railroad, last week, five train hands were killed, and a vast amount of valuable mail matter was destroyed.

THE United States Senate last week passed the Bill restoring to the public domain all lands granted to the Texas Pacific Railroad Company.

IN the balloting for United States Senator in the Illinois Legislature, last week, General Logan received 101 votes; Wm. R. Morrison, 98, with 15 scattering.

THE fire at the Blockley Insane Hospital, Philadelphia, by which twenty lives were lost, is said to have been the work of one of the inmates, who fired the building at the instigation of an attendant.

THE severely cold weather of last week caused intense suffering to the crews of ice-blocked vessels on the Northern lakes. Navigation on Long Island Sound, Chesapeake Bay, and other waters was greatly impeded, and railway travel in some sections was also seriously interrupted.

FOREIGN.

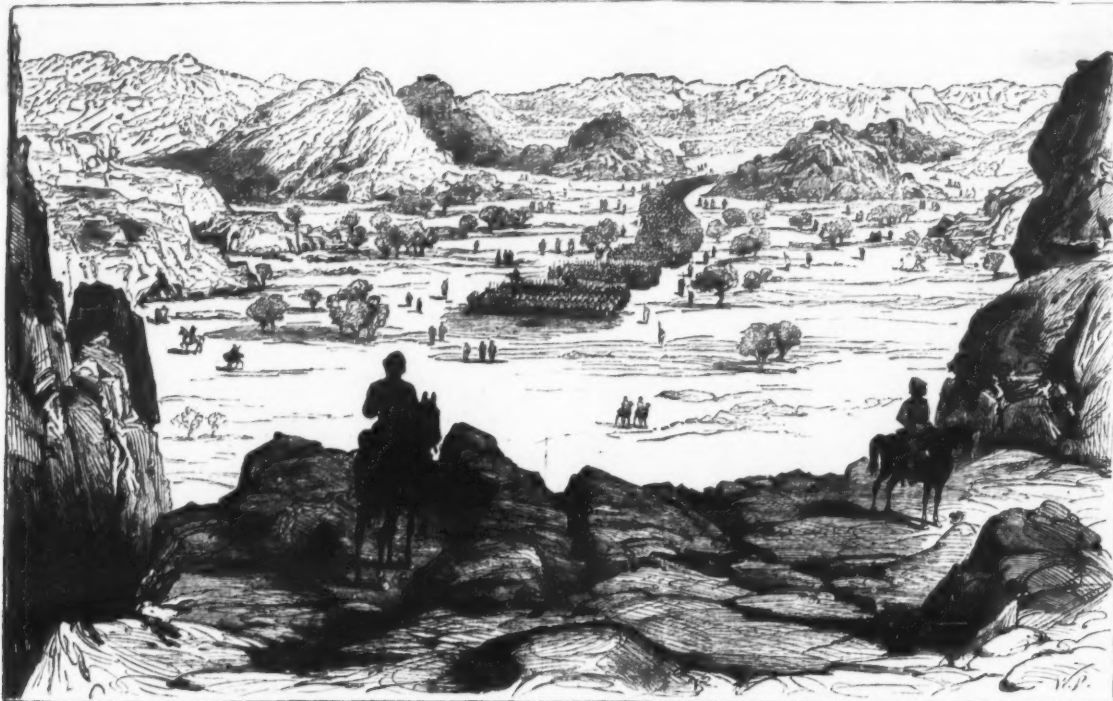
A MOVEMENT has been started in London to secure a national memorial of General Gordon.

THE general elections for members of the French Chamber of Deputies will be held on October 1st next.

A BILL is to be introduced in the House of Lords to enable the British colonists in Australia to organize a confederation.

It is intimated that the successor of Cardinal McCabe will be an ardent Nationalist. Dr. Walsh, the President of Maynooth College, is named as the coming primate.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



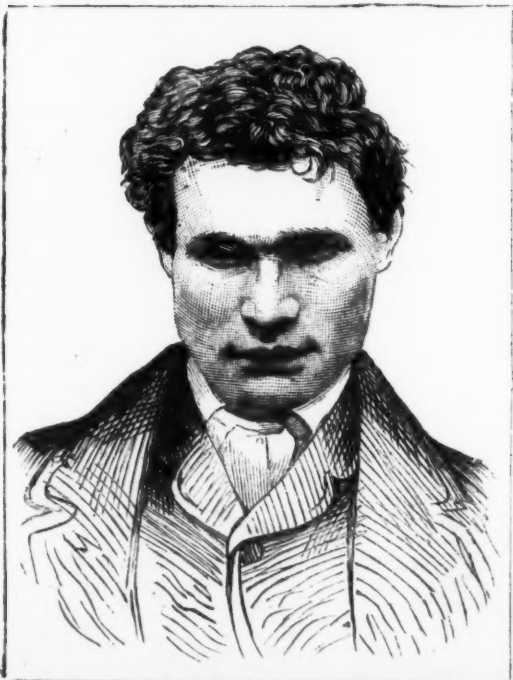
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—ARRIVAL OF GEN. STEWART'S COLUMN AT THE WELLS OF GAKDUL.



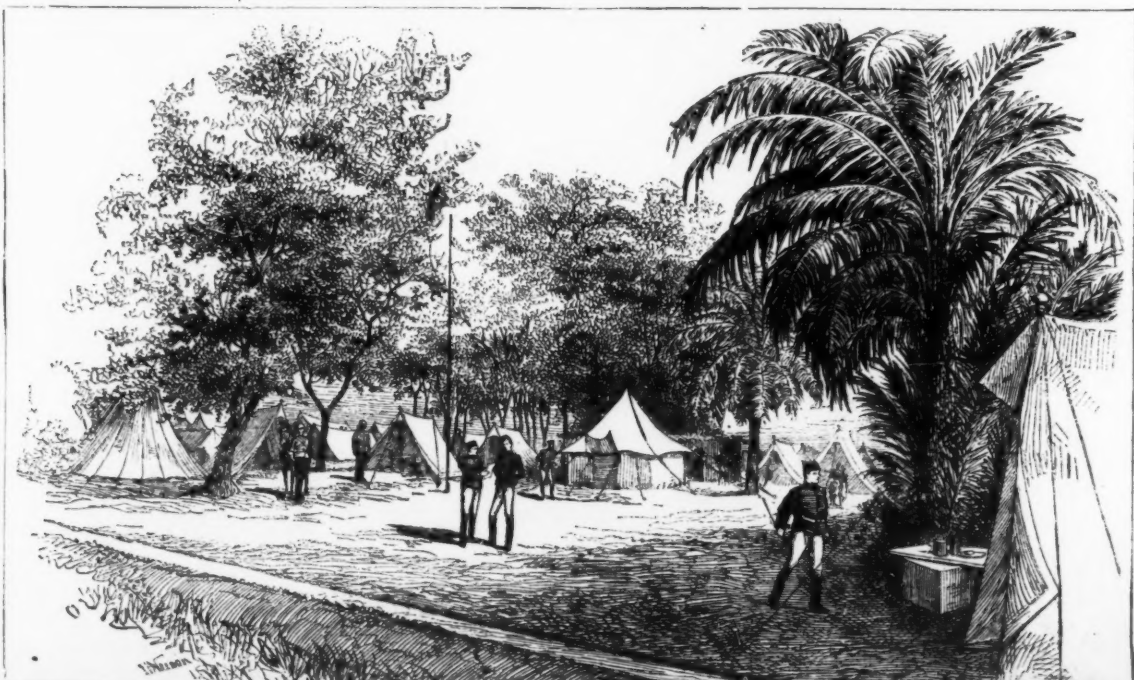
THE LATE J. A. CAMERON, CORRESPONDENT, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



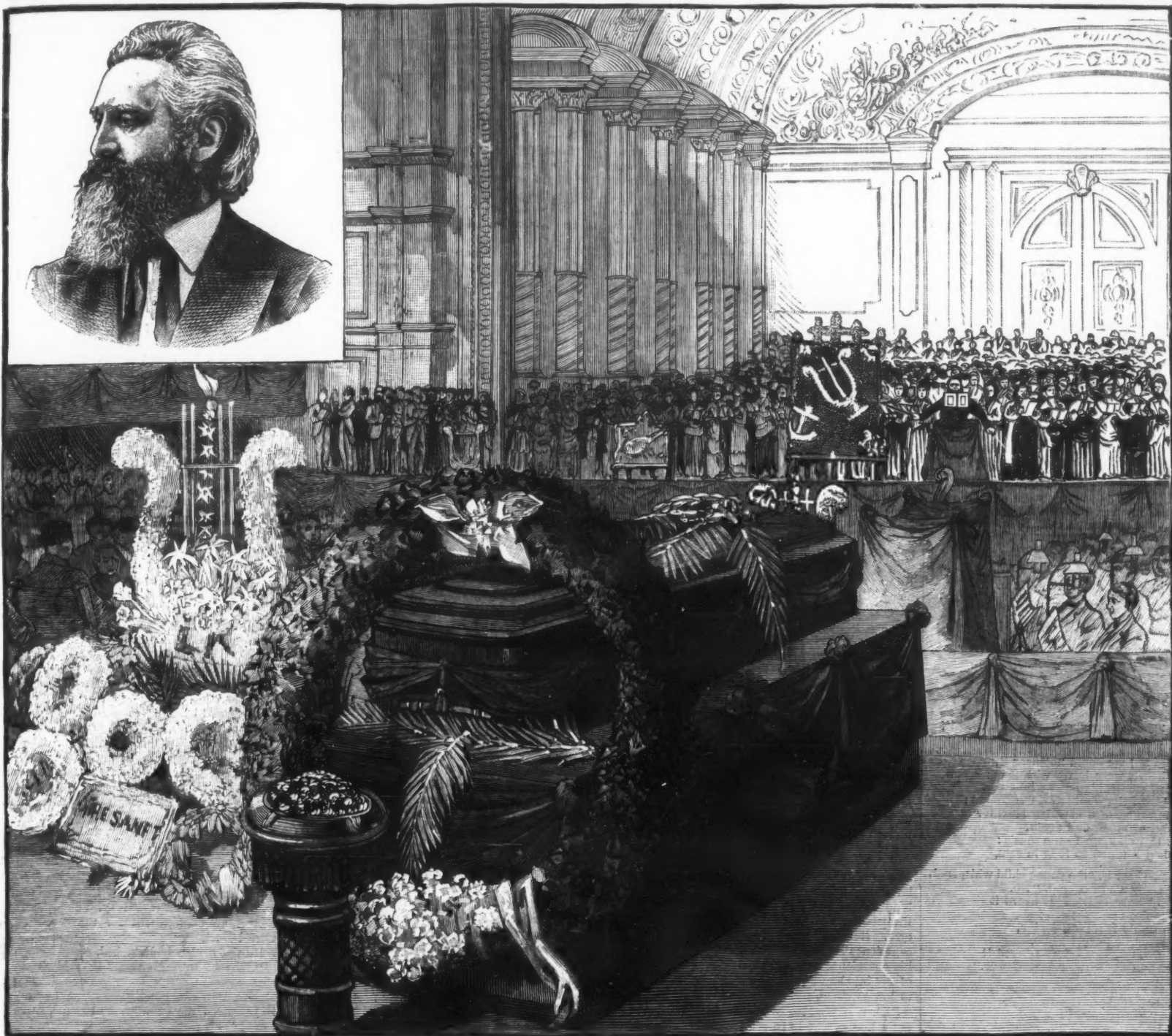
GERMANY.—A CHAPTER OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE OF PRUSSIA, RECENTLY HELD IN THE RITTERSAAL OF THE CASTLE AT BERLIN.



JAMES GILBERT CUNNINGHAM, SUSPECTED DYNAMITER.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—LORD WOLSELEY'S HEADQUARTERS AT FORTI.



LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

NEW YORK CITY.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE LEOPOLD DAMROSCH, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, FEBRUARY 18TH—THE ORATORIO SOCIETY SINGING A CHORALE FROM BACH'S "PASSION."—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

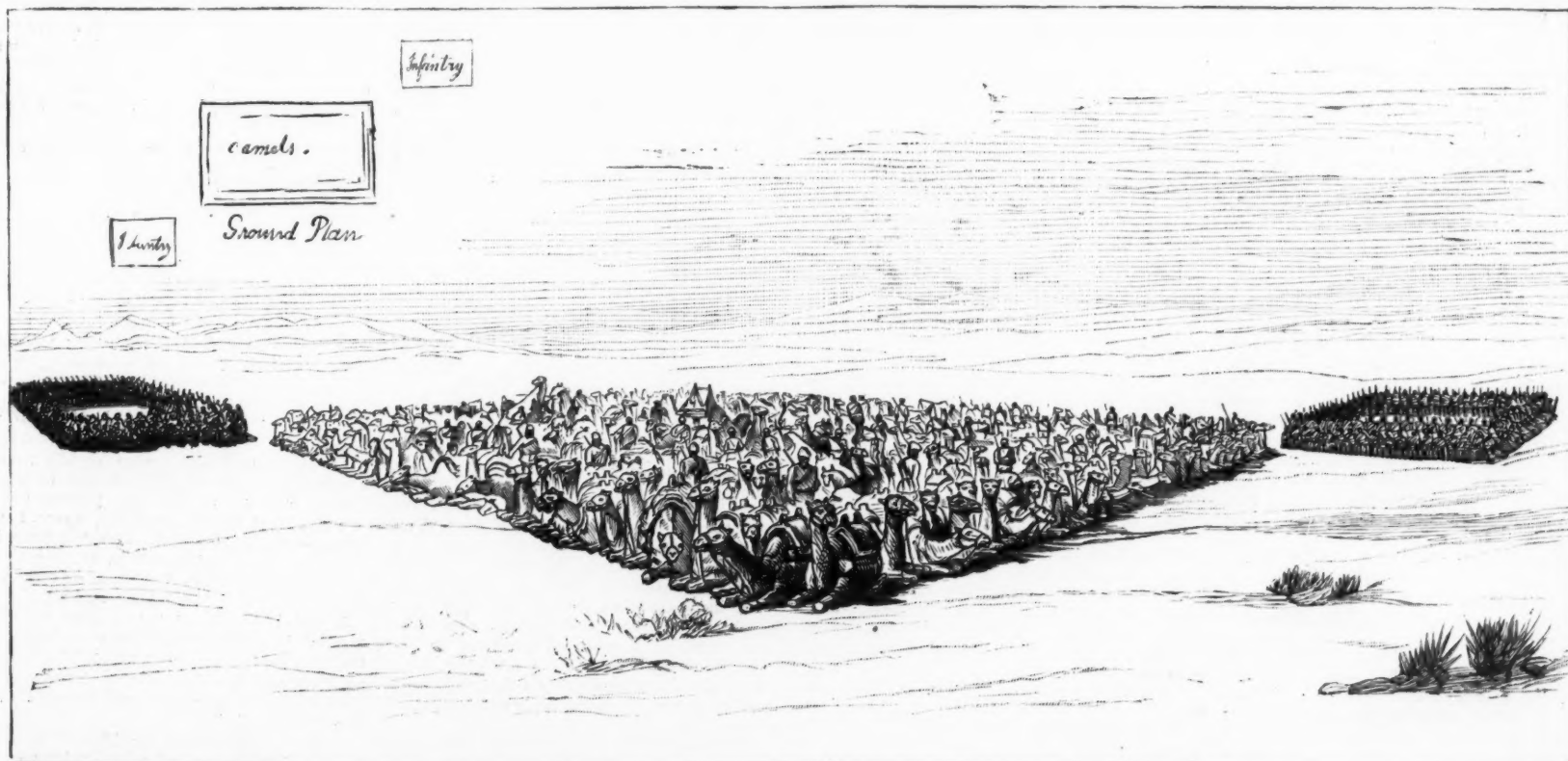
THE DAMROSCH FUNERAL SERVICES.

A WONDERFULLY impressive scene, and one in striking contrast to the brilliant social and artistic assemblages which since the holidays have almost nightly filled the great Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, was that presented there on the occasion of the funeral services over the body of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 18th instant. The place

was filled with mourners, nearly all of whom, as members of the opera company, or *attachés* of the house, as singers in the numerous choral societies, or as music-lovers in general, had borne personal relations more or less close to the dead master. A still greater crowd of people, who would fain have paid the final tribute of respect to his memory, were denied admittance, simply because the house, vast as it is, could not contain them.

The boxes were draped in mournful black. Flowers in profuse abundance, and wrought into many a symbolical design, were heaped about the catafalque in the central aisle. Around this the sable-clad singers stood, and the orchestra of the Symphony Society sat with the scores of their magnificent funeral music before them on their stands. The solemn strains of the organ opened the services, and the "Passion" chorale was sung by the Oratorio Society. The Rev. W. H. Cooke read

a letter of sympathy and affection from Assistant-bishop Potter, whose attendance an indisposition had prevented. An eloquent address by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher followed, and Weber's "Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an," sung by the male chorus of the opera troupe, came with impressive effect after his tribute to the dead. Then William Hock, the stage-manager, delivered a stirring address in German, at the close of which, he still standing in dramatic pose at the



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—OUTLINE OF THE "SQUARE" FORMATION EMPLOYED BY THE BRITISH IN RECENT BATTLES—THE CAMEL CORPS FORMING SQUARE TO RECEIVE ENEMY'S ATTACK.—SEE PAGE 23.

coffin's head, the orchestra played Wagner's Siegfried's Funeral March. A laurel wreath was then added to the floral tributes. Professor Felix Adler laid, oratorically, the golden wreath of success, the silver wreath of gratitude and the laurel wreath of fame on the bier of his friend and associate, after which the Oratorio Society sang Bach's chorale "Close to Thy Grave."

The audience stood during Mr. Cooke's reading of the service of committal and the recital of the Lord's Prayer, and then quietly dispersed.

The late Dr. Damrosch was born in Posen, Germany, October 22d, 1832. He graduated as a Doctor of Medicine from the Berlin University with high honors. After graduation he devoted his whole time and energy to music. A few years after he was called to direct the Wiener Musical Society, and subsequently conducted the like organization of Breslau. In 1872 he was engaged to take charge of the Arion Singing Society of New York city, and he came to America for the first time. While in New York he organized the Oratorio and Symphony Societies. In 1880 Columbia College bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Music. Last August the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House called upon Dr. Damrosch to take charge of their institution. The doctor accepted, and went to Europe the same month to engage a company. His labors were multifarious and increasing. His chief ambition was to make German opera a success in New York, and in that he clearly succeeded.

Much discussion as to the future disposition of the opera company, so successfully organized and directed by Dr. Damrosch, has already taken place, the outcome of which is the following card, from his son, Mr. Walter Damrosch, published in the New York Times of the 20th instant: "Certain statements having appeared to the effect that a division had occurred between the artists of the German Opera Company, I take this first opportunity to contradict such rumors, and to say that the entire company will start upon the contemplated tour under my direction, and that without exception the artists are willing to carry out, with myself, all the contracts entered into."

THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

WE asked where the magic came from,
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
Her gloss of golden hair,
And her blue eyes looked towards heaven
As though they could see God there?
"Hush!" said the child, "can't you hear it,
The music that's everywhere?"

God help us! we could not hear it,
Our hearts were heavy with pain;
We heard men toiling and wrangling;
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter
We heard again and again,
But we lost all faith in the music;
We had listened so long in vain.

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered,
And sadly we answered, "No."
We might have fancied we heard it
In the days of long ago;
But the music is all a delusion,
Our reason has told us so,
And you will forget that you heard it
When you know the sound of woe."

Then one spoke out from among us
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And been repaid with a sneer,
And his face was lit with a glory,
And his voice was calm and clear,
As he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."

F. M. OWEN.

TWO WOMEN.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

SHE was certainly a very lovely girl. She could not have been older than twenty-five. There was a calm gray light in her eyes, a soft gold in her hair, and her manner was full of a quiet, unobtrusive distinction. Her name was as harmonious as herself, Grace Devique. They who knew her intimately regarded her with enthusiastic admiration. They trusted, respected, and loved her. She was one of those women who can bury within themselves the secrets of their friends—and that is by no means a light task. Her friends came to her frankly and with open hearts. They made her, even against her wishes, their confidant. They wanted her counsel, and they were assured that what went into her right ear would not go out of the left. There were certain persons, it is true, who hinted that she was cold-hearted, impassive—that, in fact, she lacked depth of passion. It would be more just to say that she did not carry her heart on her sleeve.

Grace had a lover. He was a charming fellow—young, handsome, and brilliant. He belonged to the old Moore family—which was scarcely more ancient than the Deviques—and he was known everywhere as the genial Jack Moore. But Jack, in spite of his fine traits and generous nature, was by no means impeccable. It is not too much to say that few understood him so well as Grace did. She saw the latent honesty and manliness in her lover. But she observed in him also weaknesses that pained and frightened her. You must see that Grace was really a philosopher. She loved Jack with her whole warm, courageous heart; yet, with the unerring sense of a just and thoughtful woman, she refused to idealize him.

She had known him two or three years. They were formally engaged, and were soon to marry. Jack had been a particularly devoted and unselfish lover, until—

Well, a change came over him suddenly. Grace was the first to perceive this. He had always been candid, considerate, light-hearted; now he was moody, restless, preoccupied. When he came to visit her, she felt that his thoughts were somewhere else. He was still, practically, all that a lover is supposed to be; he gave no hint that he cared less for her, or that his love had flown, as love in this world will fly. But the keen eyes of Grace pierced his rather shallow hypocrisy. She

asked him no questions, for she was much too proud to show her trouble to him. But she made up her mind finally to discover what had caused the change in him. I have told you that Grace was a philosopher, as well as a beautiful and sweet woman. Would that there were more women like her! The woman of unreasonable and blind passion sacrifices a lover who might be saved with intelligent effort.

Grace was not forced to go far to get the information she was in search of. In fact, it was brought to her, and in a not too pleasant manner. One day she was told by an indiscreet friend, Miss Jenny Van Corlear—a rabid and irrepressible little gossip—that Jack was showing marked attention to the handsome and mysterious Mrs. Noble, a young widow who had come to New York from no one knew where, yet who, in spite of the sharp, unsympathetic words that were directed against her, managed her social affairs with cool and successful diplomacy. It is quite possible that Mrs. Noble was, as many people declared fearlessly, an adventuress. But they had to admit that she was a triumphant adventuress. There was no gainsaying that fact. She made her way rapidly into good society. She was on the list at each of the Delmonico balls. The club men admired her prodigiously, and even the women who disliked her confessed reluctantly that she was amiable, well-bred, and clever. She bore herself with extreme propriety, yet with a kind of aggressive courage that was not easily resisted. The fact that several fellows, whose goodwill had assured the popularity of various new women, appeared to like her and to support her, strengthened her position. At any rate she was accepted. And, in society, that means everything.

Jack Moore met Mrs. Noble at a Delmonico ball. He was alone on that occasion, as he had been on many others. Grace went seldom to the balls, and only at rare intervals to small entertainments. She was not fond of society, and Jack was, perhaps, much too fond of it. He had led a hundred Germans, and he was decidedly a favorite among both the matrons and the *débutantes*. No one, therefore, was ever surprised to find him at a ball when Grace was known to be at home. If Jack's sins had ended with an occasional run into wild dissipation, he would have been a fairly harmless lover.

Mrs. Noble seemed to take a strong fancy to Jack at once. She had, of course, heard a good deal about him, and they had seen each other a few times. But some hazard had kept them apart until now. On his side, Jack was strangely impressed by the widow. Her glowing black eyes, her warm complexion, her perfect figure, her half-shy and half-exuberant manner—these fascinated him in spite of himself. No woman in the room, he thought, in a dreamily reckless way, was as beautiful and as interesting as she. There was the passion of the South in her deep, brilliant eyes. Her voice was low and soft like music. His conscience reproached him a little. But he forgot his conscience speedily when Mrs. Noble led him gently into some quiet corner and talked with him in her graceful, persuasive fashion.

Jack met Mrs. Noble repeatedly. Wherever he went, he was sure to be seen with her as no other man was seen with her. People began to observe their intimacy and to comment upon it in whispers. Mrs. Noble's admirers became jealous, and her enemies watched her angrily and with shocked emotions. And Mrs. Noble—she appeared to be entirely unconscious of the belligerent feelings she had excited. She was still as cool and self-possessed as she had been invariably, and it was evident that she enjoyed, and meant to enjoy, the companionship of Jack. When a woman like Mrs. Noble resolves to conquer a man, there is no end to her resources, and her will is adamant.

Now, what did Grace do when she discovered that Jack was disloyal, that while he was pretending to love her, he was devoting himself in public to a woman who had been called an adventuress? She cried a little, I suppose, at first, though no one saw her cry. But, out of the strength of her indignation, and with the conviction that Jack loved her in his heart of hearts, in spite of his folly, she determined to win him back and to teach him a lesson, if this could be done.

She was sure that it could be done. She felt a proud confidence in herself. She was not ready to give up the man she loved, even though he had betrayed her love. She knew, moreover, that men are imperfect creatures, and this bit of philosophy was a great consolation to her.

It was late one afternoon in November. Grace sat in the small reception-room of her father's house, looking anxiously out of the window. A book was in her hands, but she was in no mood for reading. She expected an old friend of hers—so much of an old friend, indeed, that he had once tried to win her hand and heart. But Grace had not loved Carrol Burt, though she regarded him with serious esteem. Burt, like Jack Moore, was known as a genial man of the world. But he was in the best sense a man of the world, and Jack was not. He had seen life, as the saying is, and his knowledge of men and women made him a dangerous person.

By-and-by the door-bell rang, and Mr. Burt's card was brought up to Grace. A moment afterwards the gentleman was in the room. He was a good-looking, admirably dressed man, this side of forty, and, when he took Grace's hand and gazed at her smiling face, the mixture of shrewdness and amiability in his countenance was rather striking.

"You wanted to see me?" he began, interrogatively.

"Yes," Grace said; "more than I can tell you."

"About Jack?"

"Yes," with just a bent of hesitation, "about Jack."

"Well, I am quite at your service," he replied; "you know that you can trust me, do you not?"

"Yes, or I should not dare to speak to you on this subject. But let us be perfectly frank. We were pretty honest the other day. I felt then that you were not altogether unacquainted with—that woman, Mrs. Noble. I don't mean an ordinary social acquaintance. From what you told me—and I must thank you for the friendly confidence you placed in me—I came to the conclusion that—"

"That Mrs. Noble is not what she seems?"

"Yes, it was my thought."

"Well, I won't hide the truth from you any longer, though I hate to speak against a woman. But I'm between two women, as it were, and since it seems that one must be sacrificed, why—why—"

"You prefer not to sacrifice me?"

"Yes, that's it," he said, with a smile. "The fact is, it has interested me to notice how skillfully Mrs. Noble has deceived people. But there are many like her in society. Their brass and their *savoir-faire* establish them victoriously. So far as I am concerned, it matters little what they do. When I see them successful I laugh and hold my tongue. When I see them fail, I almost pity them. But Mrs. Noble has gone too far. She ought to have been more discreet. She ought not to have tried to steal a husband from you."

Grace laughed lightly. "That is so," she said.

"Yet, perhaps, we are wrong. Men and women are born with equal rights, after all. If I were not convinced that Jack—"

"She stopped and blushed as she left the sentence unfinished. "I understand you," Mr. Burt answered, quickly. "You have not lost your faith in Jack. Well, I think you are right. He has given way to a folly, and he will be ashamed of himself soon. Compared with you, he must know that Mrs. Noble is as—"

Burt stopped here to think of a simile.

"As Hyperion to a satyr."

"The simile is not bad, though Hyperion was a man. But let me tell you about Mrs. Noble. She is, undoubtedly, an adventuress—a very charming adventuress—to be sure. There are two or three men in New York who may have recognized her, though, so far as I know, she has not been recognized yet. I saw her five years ago in San Francisco. She was then the wife of a man who conducted a gambling-house. It was a very nice and very proper house, you know, and it was one of the places in San Francisco that every one visited as a matter of form. I went there myself as a matter of form. A man, dear Miss Devique, is permitted to do many indiscreet things, out of curiosity. Mrs. Noble—who was known, by-the-way, as Mme. Lépinasse—was a lively and clever gambler herself, though her chief business, apparently, was to get innocent young men into trouble. I watched her closely that night. She did not see me, I fancy. She was a handsome creature, with her dark eyes and rich complexion. Men played against her simply because she was beautiful. Ah, the poor wretches! Most of them cursed her when they got beyond the spell of her beauty. I venture to say that she was the most heartless being I ever met. She fascinated a man, ruined him, and then laughed at him. Her husband was an old, broken-down rascal, with glittering teeth and an ominous eye. But he knew enough to keep his mouth closed ordinarily. There was no love lost between the two. I did not visit the house a second time, though I remained in San Francisco several weeks. But one morning I took up a newspaper and read a long and sensational account of Lépinasse's death. He had died suddenly, and after enjoying a violent quarrel with his wife. They had always lived together like cats and dogs. That was an open secret. She was glad, I suppose, to get rid of him, and he—well, he could not have gone to a better place than his grave. There appeared to be some mystery connected with his death. It was even suggested in the newspapers that the lovely Mrs. Lépinasse had hastened his departure—by poison. She was capable of anything, though she may not have poisoned him. If she did, I can scarcely blame her. As I said, I staid in San Francisco several weeks. Lépinasse was buried decently, and then the gambling-house was closed, and Mrs. Lépinasse disappeared. I was told that she turned up somewhere in Europe. At any rate I did not see her again—I may add that I didn't expect to see her again—until a few weeks ago. Then I was introduced to her by your friend, Miss Van Corlear. I recognized her after a sharp scrutiny. She, naturally, did not recognize me. How could she have done so? I was one out of thousands that crossed her path in the old days. If I were not accustomed to resurrecting memories and faces, I don't believe I should have known her. Ah, she's a wonderful woman. She wears her new gowns and her new airs with inimitable grace. And she is courageous enough to understand that she is safer as she is, a prominent and admired woman, than she could be otherwise. She is tolerably sure of not being discovered, and she has run the risk fearlessly. It's really a pity that she is such a bad one. She has the bearing of a duchess. You will be astonished when you meet her."

Grace had listened to this strange story silently, yet not without emotion. She was indignant, angry, disgusted. It seemed to her a wild and incredible thing that Jack could give himself up, like a weak child, to a woman like Mrs. Noble. Though a proud woman, she was not egotistic. She did not stop to reflect that she might be more or less attractive than this other woman. Her thought was simply that she loved Jack with an unselfish and womanly sincerity, and that he had been drawn away from her by a scheming adventuress. He must be saved, she said to herself. And she was more than ever ready and determined to serve him.

There was a brief pause. Then Grace remarked quietly: "You have told me a curious tale. Have you any advice to give me?"

Carrol Burt hesitated. If he had not been an honorable fellow, he might have taken advantage

of the situation. But he resisted this temptation, and replied: "No, I cannot advise you. But I shall be glad to help you." He was amazed at her coolness. He came to the conclusion that she was the most self-possessed woman that he had known. But he knew that there was a heart of fire under her self-possession.

She reflected a moment, and then said: "Are you going to Mrs. Dunbar's ball Friday night?"

"Yes," he answered, somewhat in wonder.

"Would you be willing to accompany me there?"

At this question, Mr. Burt's face showed delight and astonishment.

"But I supposed—" he began.

"That I never go to balls," she responded, interrogatively. "Well, I go to few of them. But I should like to go to Mrs. Dunbar's."

"Oh, I understand," Burt rejoined. "Jack and Mrs. Noble will be there. You are, then, anxious to meet her?"

"Anxious? No. But it is necessary."

"In that case you may count upon me. I shall call for you between ten and eleven."

"You are kind—forgive me if I seem selfish."

He arose, and, as he bade her good-by and prepared to leave, the door-bell rang. A tall, blonde young man entered the room hurriedly. The two men bowed pleasantly, and Burt went out. Then the other—who was, of course, Jack Moore—sat down and said, as though he were anxious to get the words off his tongue:

"I just ran in for a moment, Grace. I'm terribly busy. I fear I shall have to give up society a bit. But, by-and-by, you know, I'll settle down seriously, and then there'll be plenty of time to spare. I fear I'm rather frivolous. Now, you are so serious, so sagacious, so—"

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"Why not add matter-of-fact?" she interrupted. "But I'm not altogether matter-of-fact. However, unlike you, I've shown too little fondness for society. I think I shall have to accept a few invitations this Winter and turn myself into a belle."

He appeared to be startled.

"Oh, I like you as you are!" he declared. "Still, now and then—"

"Now and then," she repeated, "I must be seen. Yes, you are right, and I've been wrong. I fear I'm getting one-sided. You don't want a one-sided wife, do you, Jack?"

He scarcely knew what to say. But he answered, evasively:

"No, perhaps not, though that's better, I fancy, than a society wife."

He regarded the window, and Grace felt that Mrs. Noble was ubiquitous.

"By-the-way," she exclaimed, "have you an engagement Friday night?"

She knew when she asked this question that he had an engagement Friday. Indeed, she had herself an engagement for that evening—with Carrol Burt.

He was evidently disturbed.

"Why—I think I have," he said, in a rather shame-faced way. "I mean, I've promised to be at Mrs. Dunbar's ball a part of the evening. But if you need me or want to see me, can't I call early?"

"Oh, it's no matter. I merely thought you might not be engaged. Come Saturday, then."

"Saturday, and Sunday, and Monday!" he rejoined, with a certain amount of sincerity.

"Very well; I can't complain fairly if you give me three days in succession."

The conversation drifted afterwards into conventionalities, though scarcely into love-making. In a half-hour, Jack—who was beginning to be displeased with himself, he could not say why—departed, and Grace joined her father, who had just arrived.

Carrol Burt was punctual on Friday evening. When he and Grace entered Mrs. Dunbar's ball-room, they found this spacious and splendid apartment almost crowded. Mrs. Dunbar was one of the social leaders in New York, and her ball-room—like her balls—was regal in its color and magnificence. The house, in the first place, was a sort of palace, and the ballroom seemed to occupy the larger part of it. Beyond the room there were several smaller apartments, and beyond these there was a Winter conservatory filled with flowers.

The arrival of Miss Devique was a "sensation." Nobody counted upon seeing her at Mrs. Dunbar's ball. When she appeared, people flocked about her as though she were a strolling curiosity. Perhaps their interest in her was excited by the knowledge that Jack and Mrs. Noble were talking together in an obscure corner of the room.

It is well known that men are invariably proud of women that command attention; but Carrol Burt, in spite of his *aplomb*, was rather pleased to find that Grace had become in a moment the most noticeable woman at Mrs. Dunbar's ball. Nevertheless, he was nervous. He looked forward with dread to a meeting between Grace and Mrs. Noble.

The friends of Grace were equally nervous. They felt sure that she had not come to this ball without a purpose. And that purpose was undoubtedly to confront Mrs. Noble, whom, it must be admitted, they detested. However, Grace bore herself so calmly and gracefully, and appeared to be so little disconcerted, that, after awhile, she was regarded with less intense curiosity.

A half-hour elapsed before Burt and Grace reached the other end of the room, where Jack and Mrs. Noble were seated. Jack lifted his head suddenly and perceived Grace. Every drop of blood went out of his face, and he was about to rise from his chair.

"What is the matter, Mr. Moore?" said Mrs. Noble, in her low, musical voice. "Are you ill?"

He regained his composure quickly and replied: "Not at all. But I—I—just saw a lady whom I should like to introduce you to."

She looked at him amiably, though her red lips were slightly compressed.

"Ah, indeed! Who is she? I am anxious to know all your friends."

"It is Miss Devique, to whom I am—to whom I have been—"

"Engaged?" She smiled, and Jack was considerably relieved. "I should be especially glad to know her. Please take me to her."

They arose and moved towards Grace, who received them so affably and simply that every one, probably, except Grace herself, was taken aback.

Even Mrs. Noble was disconcerted. But that was only for a second or two. During that time, however, she learned a great deal. She knew that the young and beautiful girl who looked at her quietly with serenely blue eyes was her enemy—an enemy to be feared. She was animated by a savage desire to clutch this pale, blonde rival by the throat and to strangle her. But she was quite as calm as Grace. The two women and their companions conversed pleasantly, strolling, meanwhile, towards the conservatory. Burt observed that Grace was leading them, without seeming to lead them, to this place. He could not fail, even at such a trying moment, to admire her tact and dexterity. His sympathy with womankind ran up all at once fifty degrees.

"There'll be the deuce to pay between those women," he muttered. "But Grace will win—I see it in her eyes."

The conservatory was a cool and splendid little retreat, and, when they entered it, they found themselves alone. Grace sat down on a sofa and asked Mrs. Noble to sit beside her. Ferns and tropic leaves bent above them, and a pink light glimmered softly through the gas-globes. Jack and Burt tried desperately to appear at their ease, but their constraint was apparent enough. Mrs. Noble herself began to be troubled, though she was determined not to be overawed by Grace's cool self-possession. But her hands and lips trembled slightly.

"Jack," said Grace, after a somewhat intense pause, "won't you bring me a glass of water?" And, as Jack went out, she turned to Burt and exclaimed: "How forgetful I am! But I left my fan up-stairs. May I ask you, Mr. Burt, to get it for me?"

She glanced at Burt quietly; but he understood the glance. He knew that the crisis had come, and that Grace wanted to be alone with her rival. He bowed and joined the crowd in the ballroom.

Grace had only a few minutes to accomplish her purpose in. She trusted no time. Turning rapidly towards her companion, she said:

"Mrs. Noble."

A fire came into her eyes as she uttered this name. A flush came into her cheeks. The woman beside her was afraid, though sullenly courageous. The two looked straight at one another. For a minute there was silence—only the softened melody of a waltz drifted in the distance. The two women, as they sat face to face, completed a picture that an artist would have made passionate and imaginative. The dark, Southern beauty of one, and the golden beauty of the other, formed a striking contrast.

"Well?" murmured Mrs. Noble, defiantly.

"You know as well as I," Grace said, in an even and clear voice, though she spoke low, "that I am here to-night for a purpose."

"I suppose so! Well?"

"You know what my purpose is. The man with whom your name is now associated publicly was betrothed to me several months ago. He is to be my husband. He will not be my husband, however, unless he and you separate for ever to-night."

By this time Mrs. Noble had got back all her assurance.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, cynically; "then I fear he will never be your husband."

"Ah! Do you love him?"

"Do I love anybody? Perhaps. But, my dear Miss Devique, you are not my confessor."

"Does he love you?"

"He likes me, evidently. But—"

"Very well, Mme. Lépinasse; he shall choose between us, and you shall give him the benefit of your mature judgment."

Mrs. Noble's face blanched. She seized the arm of Grace, and a moment afterwards sank back, exhausted, into her seat.

"You know—," she gasped.

"Yes, I know," replied Grace. "I have, however, no wish to disgrace you. I can make public your scandalous history; but I prefer not to do so. The matter is in your hands."

Mrs. Noble was silent a moment. Then she lifted her head and replied:

"You are more generous than I supposed you would be. What must I do?"

"You must tell the truth to Jack."

"Well—I will do it."

Jack learned his lesson painfully. But he was man enough to accept the lesson. He became the most devoted and irreproachable of lovers, and the fascinating Mrs. Noble passed out of his life like last year's Autumn. But Grace came into it again like a new, radiant, permanent Summer.

THE STORM OF LAST WEEK.

THE storm which swept over the Northern and Eastern States on Monday, the 16th instant, was the most severe which has been experienced for years. This was especially the case in the vicinity of New York and along the Long Island and New Jersey coasts. At Coney Island, the tide and surf were almost unprecedentedly high. At times the gale blew the great waves upon the shore with shock after shock that made the island tremble and shook the hotels and houses to their foundations. The beach was strewn with wreckage and the debris of the pavilions, music-stands, shooting-galleries, and oyster-counters that had succumbed to the fury of the blast. As the tide came in, these and other structures were engulfed

and carried off, causing very serious loss. So violent was the force of the sea that even the stoutest cables failed to hold the endangered structures. The proprietor of a restaurant, thinking to save his beach pavilion, put a cable about it and tied it fast to a rifle-gallery which seemed to be firmly seated on its foundations. But when the tide went out, it carried with it not only the pavilion, but likewise the rifle-gallery, and "Three shots for 10 cents" swept out to sea side by side with the legend, "Only place on the beach where you can get a good clam chowder for 15 cents."

Among other wrecks reported was that of the schooner *A. M. Thomas*, of Taunton, Mass., off Fire Island. The vessel, which was bound from Norfolk, Va., for Providence, sprung leak on the first day out, and it was found necessary to keep the pumps constantly at work. When the storm came on, the shrouds, sails and rigging became enmeshed with ice, the water freezing as it fell. At four o'clock in the morning of the 16th the vessel struck on the beach. The lashings of the small boat were cut away and a coil of rope placed in it. Then a big wave struck the schooner and carried away the bulwarks. The men clambered on the house, and wave after wave dashed over them, benumbing them. One man was dashed against the house, dislocating his shoulder, and but for his grasping a line he would have been washed into the surf. At this time the life-saving corps came to the assistance of the crew. The captain swung a lighted torch over his head to guide them, and the freezing men in the rigging set up a cry. Guided by the shouts, the life-line was fired and fell across the foretopmast. The mate, benumbed with cold, climbed the tottering mast, and at the risk of his life secured the rope, and, descending, made it fast to the mainmast. The breeches buoy was rigged, and the most exhausted of the crew were sent first. The captain was the last to leave.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We give on page 20 an illustration of General Wolseley's headquarters at Korti, and another showing the scene at the Gakdul Wells on the arrival of General Stewart's column, prior to the movement which resulted in the battles at Abu Klea. These Wells are ninety-six miles from Korti, and seventy-six miles from the Nile. The object of the expedition was to establish stations and garrisons along the route, and a depot of stores and ammunition at Gakdul, which is capable of being made practically impregnable, and for a plentiful supply of water. The Wells are three in number, and are situated one above the other at the northerly end of a stony basin encircled by ranges of hills stretching far into the Bayuda Desert. The water in the lowest pool was not fit for human consumption, and was used for the camels, which are watered every night. To get good drinkable water the men at first had to climb up 150 feet, and then clamber down to the second basin. Pumps and hose, however, were speedily erected, bringing the water from the upper reservoir to a lower level. Two redoubts have been constructed—one commanding the entrance to the Wells, the other overlooking the Wells themselves and the stores and provisions. We also give on page 21 an illustration of the "square" formation used by the British troops in all their fights with the Sudanese.

THE LATE JOHN ALEXANDER CAMERON, WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Amongst the British officers killed in the Arab attack on General Stewart's advance brigade at Abu Klea, January 19th, was John Alexander Cameron, the brilliant correspondent of the *London Standard*. He was a native of Inverness, and was engaged in banking and mercantile pursuits in India until the breaking out of the Afghan war in 1879, when he accompanied the first campaign in the expedition to Cabul, as war correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*. His letters attracted attention, and in the following year he was engaged by the *Standard* to join the column marching to Kandahar. He was the first to ride to the nearest telegraph post with the news of the victory of General Roberts, beating his competitors and the Government couriers by a day and a half. Mr. Cameron reported, with notable enterprise and ability, the battles with the Boers in the Transvaal. Upon the news of the first Alexandria riots in June, 1882, he hastened to Egypt, and was with the British forces in every battle, from the bombardment until the arrival in Cairo. He afterwards went to Madagascar, and thence to Tonquin, where he described the first encounters of the French troops with the natives. Returning to Egypt, he witnessed the battles of El Teb and Tamasieb, and then returned to England just in time to be dispatched with Lord Wolseley's expedition up the Nile. His recent telegrams and letters are fresh in the memory of the public. Mr. Cameron was held in the highest esteem by his employers and his comrades, and the proprietors of the *Standard* have conferred a pension upon his widowed mother.

SESSION OF A CHAPTER OF THE ORDER OF THE PRUSSIAN BLACK EAGLE.

In the year 1847, King Frederick Wilhelm IV. held a Chapter of the Order of the Prussian Black Eagle which had been founded by Frederick I. At the first opening of the Order (1701 to 1717) the new born princes of the Prussian kingly family only were invested into its orange-colored ribbon. Frederick the Great favored the Order and enlarged the number of its members, and each successive King of Prussia has granted the coveted ribbon to many recipients who were deemed worthy of it by meritorious conduct to the State, or in special honor to representatives of royalty, dignity and art abroad. The recent session of the Chapter was held, January 17th last, in the Ritter-saal of the castle at Berlin. The knights entered the hall in festival procession. They each wore the red mantle, with its blue side-facings, and on each left heart gleamed the silver star of the Order. The Chancellor of the Order—General von Moltke—with the sword of his office, marched at the head of the procession, followed by the other officials and knights. After this ceremony, the names of the newly-elected knights were announced, and their investiture by the Grand Master of the Order—the Emperor of Germany—was proceeded with. He gave to the candidates, as they knelt before him, the orange ribbon, and then the court pages handed to them the other insignia—the mantle and the cap. After the newly-made knights had, kneeling, taken the statutory obligations, they received the accolade and the brotherhood kiss. They were then received by the older brothers with a handgrip of welcome. This session was

held for the investiture of Prince Ludwig of Baden, the uncle of the Emperor, and General von Schachmeyer of the Prussian Infantry. After the investiture, a reunion of all the knights of the Order was held, and the pomp and magnificence of the festival are described to be equal to any previous session of this famous Order.

THE ALLEGED DYNAMITER, CUNNINGHAM.

James Gilbert Cunningham, now held in London as the author of the recent dynamite outrages, is a young man, aged twenty-two, standing about five feet five inches high, with swarthy complexion, broad features, dark-brown hair worn smooth, dark eyes somewhat sunken, and no hair on face. He has a scar on the top of the third finger of the right hand, and another scar on the right forearm. He is a native of Gurtamora, County Cork, has spent some years in America, and went to England last November. The evidence so far elicited at the examinations in London seem to connect him very closely with the recent explosions; and if he was not actually responsible for them, there can scarcely be a doubt that he had a guilty knowledge of the dynamiter's plans.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

Cows ARE said to eat horse-chestnuts very readily; but these nuts do not appear to do so well with other animals of the stock-raiser. Meal made from horse-chestnuts contains 19 per cent. of albuminoids.

THE Liberty Bell is looked upon as a Mascot by the managers of the New Orleans Exposition. Good weather and the bell came together, and the attendance of visitors has continually increased since their arrival.

THE highly prized edelweiss, supposed to grow only on the Swiss Alps, and another Alpine flower called in Switzerland the *Männertreu*, have been found in the Tacoma range, in Washington Territory, the former at an altitude of six thousand feet above the sea level.

A BOOKSELLER in Market Street, Philadelphia, says he can name men to whom he would not hesitate to sell a bill of goods—"men whom I would trust"—to use his own words—"with my watch and pocketbook, but I would not trust them five minutes behind the shelves of this store."

THE use of the telephone in agriculture is being tried in France. A large landowner in the Department of the Loire has established a regular circle of telephonic communication throughout his estates, using the largest trees as stations, and thus can simultaneously direct operations in all parts of his domain.

ASSES' EARS are the latest bonnet ornaments in Paris, an extraordinary novelty in trimmings which far distances such curiosities as mice, mushrooms and watercresses. A leading Paris belle has just appeared in a gray felt bonnet adorned with a pair of real dried donkey's ears, which are stated to look charming on her *chapeau au Roi Midas*.

OSCAR WILD and the sunflower are vindicated at last. A Minnesota farmer states that he can "keep one stove going" during six months with the sunflower stalks produced on an acre of land. The seed produced and fed to fowls pays for all the work of cultivation. He burns the smaller heads with the stalks, which are cut in the fall to the required length.

THE principal pawnshop in Mexico is owned and run by the Government, and occupies the old palace where the viceroys lived while the country was a colonial possession of Spain. The viceroys seldom lived in the Government palace, which stands on the location of the great Aztec temple. There is a tradition that every man who has lived in that building ended his days in misfortune and misery. So the viceroys had a palace built across the plaza, where they lived without fear of this superstition.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 15TH.—In New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the eminent orchestral and operatic conductor, aged 53 years; in New York, John H. Brady, active in local politics, aged 64 years; in Philadelphia, Francis A. Drexel, senior partner in the famous Drexel banking-houses of Philadelphia, New York and Paris, aged 61 years; in New York, George Matthews, senior partner of the firm of manufacturers of soda-water apparatus, aged 51 years; in New York, Henry S. Moore, one of the oldest residents of this city, aged 70 years; in Key West, Florida, Samuel L. Hall, publisher, of New York, aged 50 years. FEBRUARY 16TH.—In New York, Dr. William L. Shine, formerly official surgeon and claim adjuster of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, aged 47 years; in Albany, N. Y., William Appleton, of the New York Produce Exchange, etc., aged 40 years; in San Francisco, Cal., John Norton Pomeroy, editor of the *Pacific Coast Law Journal*, aged 56 years; in New York, Adolph Dengler, veteran soldier and well-known business man, aged 60 years; in New Rochelle, L. L. Captain Oliver Cutts, an old-time ship-master and merchant, aged 70 years; in Washington, D. C., John L. Kidwell, the Potomac Flats claimant, aged 66 years. FEBRUARY 17TH.—In New York, John Parselle, the veteran actor of the Union Square Theatre, aged 68 years; in Richmond, Va., Prof. William V. Valentine, a leading philologist, aged 57 years; in Albion, N. Y., ex-State Senator Gideon Hard. FEBRUARY 18TH.—In Sparta, Ga., Daniel Dickson, the well-known planter and cotton cultivator; in Detroit, Mich., John K. McIver, Secretary of the Board of Trade of that city; at Fall River, Mass., the Rev. Andrew J. Brady, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and well known amongst the priesthood of the United States; at Red Bank, N. J., Charles H. Trafford, a prominent lawyer. FEBRUARY 19TH.—In Jersey City, ex-Congressman Lewis A. Bingham, aged 54 years; in New York, Captain James Irving, formerly chief of the detective force at Police Headquarters; in New York, Elijah H. Riker, bank notary for the Gallatin National Bank and the Bank of North America, aged 70 years; in New York, Walter Hobart, an old member of the Cotton Exchange, aged 61 years; in Charleston, S. C., Jonathan J. Wright, (colored) Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court from 1870 to 1877, aged 44 years; in New York, Dr. Louis Elsbarg, the well-known laryngologist, aged 48 years; in London, England, Mrs. James Russell Lowell, wife of the United States Minister. FEBRUARY 20TH.—In Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dr. Harrison Wright, aged 35 years; in Guysboro, N. S., County Judge Stewart Campbell, aged 72 years. FEBRUARY 21ST.—In Brooklyn, William C. Kingsley, for seventeen years intimately connected with work on the Brooklyn Bridge, aged 52 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

POPE LEO XIII. is ill with a recurrence of his intestinal complaint.

GEORGE ELIOT's biography has already brought in to its publishers \$40,000.

GENERAL WOLSELEY has received \$465,000 in bounties for his military services.

MR. EUGENE KELLY, of New York, adds \$50,000 to Miss Caldwell's \$300,000 gift for a Catholic University.

SIR HENRY GORDON, brother of General Gordon, intends to collect and publish the hero's letters and writings.

MR. W. W. ASTOR, American minister to Italy, has resigned his position, and will return home about March 1st.

GENERAL GRANT's throat is said to be healing, and he has so far recovered his strength as to be able to walk without a cane.

ON February 26th, 1885, Victor Hugo enters upon his eighty-fourth year, which will be celebrated this time in Paris with uncommon enthusiasm.

EX-VICE PRESIDENT HAMLIN visited Washington last week for the purpose of taking part in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Washington Monument.

THE purchaser of Rembrandt's famous painting known as "Le Doreur" (The Gilder), lately brought to New York, turns out to be Mr. William Schaus, the picture-dealer. The price is stated at \$60,000.

GOVERNOR HILL and his military secretary keep "bachelor's hall" at the Executive Mansion in Albany in royal style. While the dinner is always elaborate, Governor Hill indulges in only a light breakfast, consisting of a roll and cup of coffee, eggs, and milk.

WILLIAM T. ABBOTT, one of the Dartmoor prisoners, of whom students of American history have read, died at Rockport, Mass., a few days ago. Mr. Abbott, whose age was ninety-seven years, was a privateer during the war of 1812 and, having been captured, was kept at Dartmoor for eight months. Most of his life was passed on the sea.

CHIEF-JUSTICE BRASLEY, of New Jersey, just reappointed, has held his present office for twenty-one years, and if he completes the term he has now begun he will have extended that number to twenty-eight. He is now about seventy years old, hale and vigorous. His whole career as a judge has been marked by conspicuous integrity as well as distinguished ability.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT and his wife have a beautiful home life. He is as tender of her as a mother of her child, and as gallant as a lover to his sweetheart. Mrs. Bancroft's health has greatly improved since last Winter, and while she cannot receive visitors formally, she feels well enough occasionally in the middle of the day to see one or two of her friends in her own room.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN persistently occupies his favorite bench in Madison Square, and it is a very cold day indeed when he is not visible there during the sunny hours. He is usually dressed in a heavy brown ulster, wears a slouch hat, gloves, an enormous bouquet of the prevailing flower, and is generally reading a newspaper. All the city's children know him, and he is their patron saint on their "park days."

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILLSON, the novelist, has one of the pleasantest homes in Mobile. The house is surrounded by a grove of live oaks and a thicket of camellias, the latter being Mrs. Willson's favorite flower. She places a white camellia at her husband's plate at table at every meal, "and he has never," she says, "been without a flower at any breaking of bread in our home since we were married, now sixteen years ago."

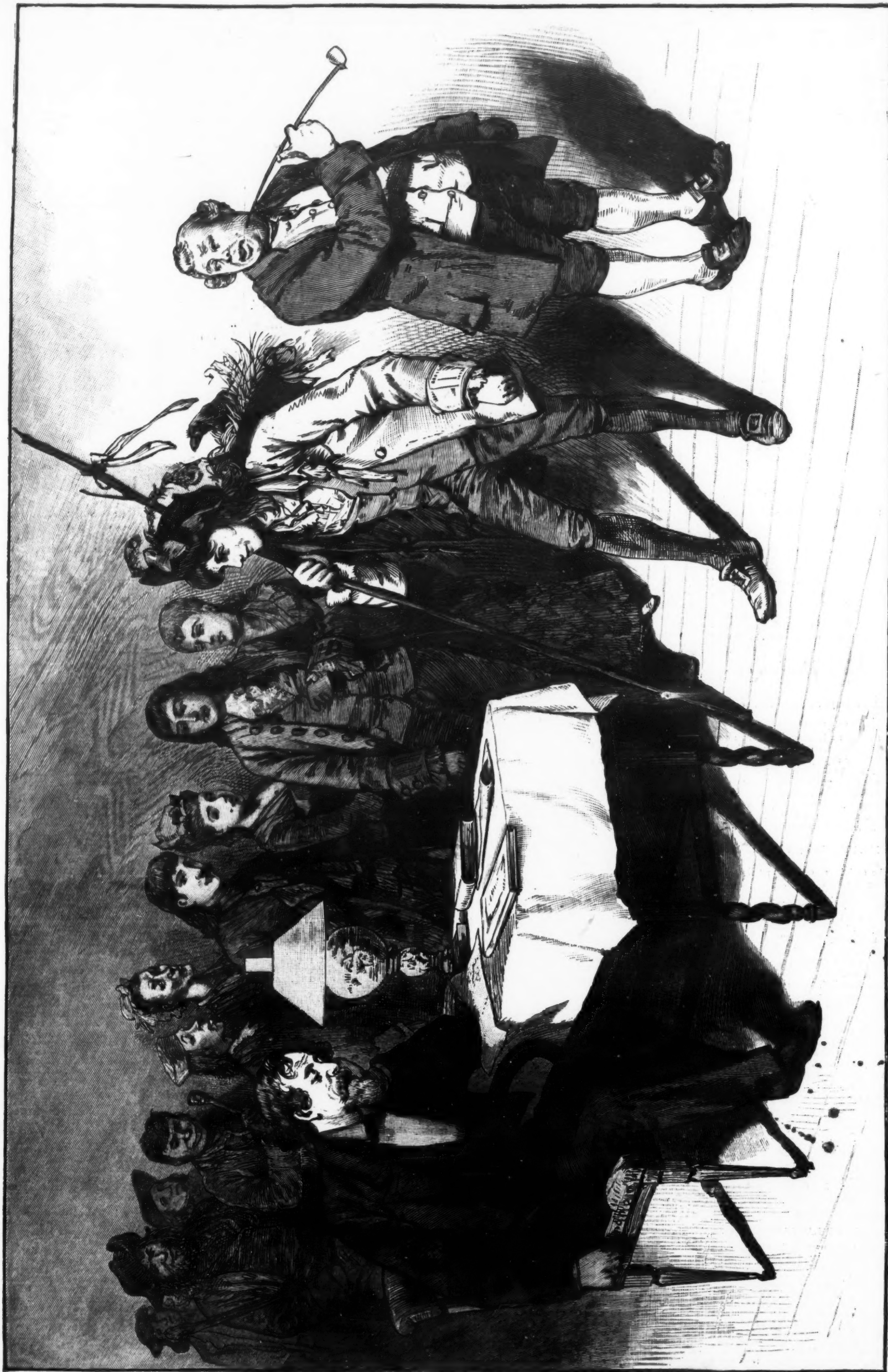
PROFESSOR ALEXANDER AGASSIZ is making a visit of observation among the Hawaiian Islands. He intends especially to study the formation of the group, with their outlying reefs, with a view of approximately ascertaining the age of the land formation and of obtaining data for the solution of the questions of the introduction of vegetable and animal life, including the colonization of the archipelago by the founders of the Hawaiian race.

MR. BUCKLE, the man who wields the editorial thunder of the *London Times*, is only thirty-one years of age. Most people associate the direction of so great an authority as "The Thunderer" with gray hair and patriarchal appearance; but Mr. Walter, the proprietor, has a penchant for youth, and hence the selection of Mr. Buckle. The big journal has just entered upon the second century of existence, and although its influence is not what it once was, it is still immense.

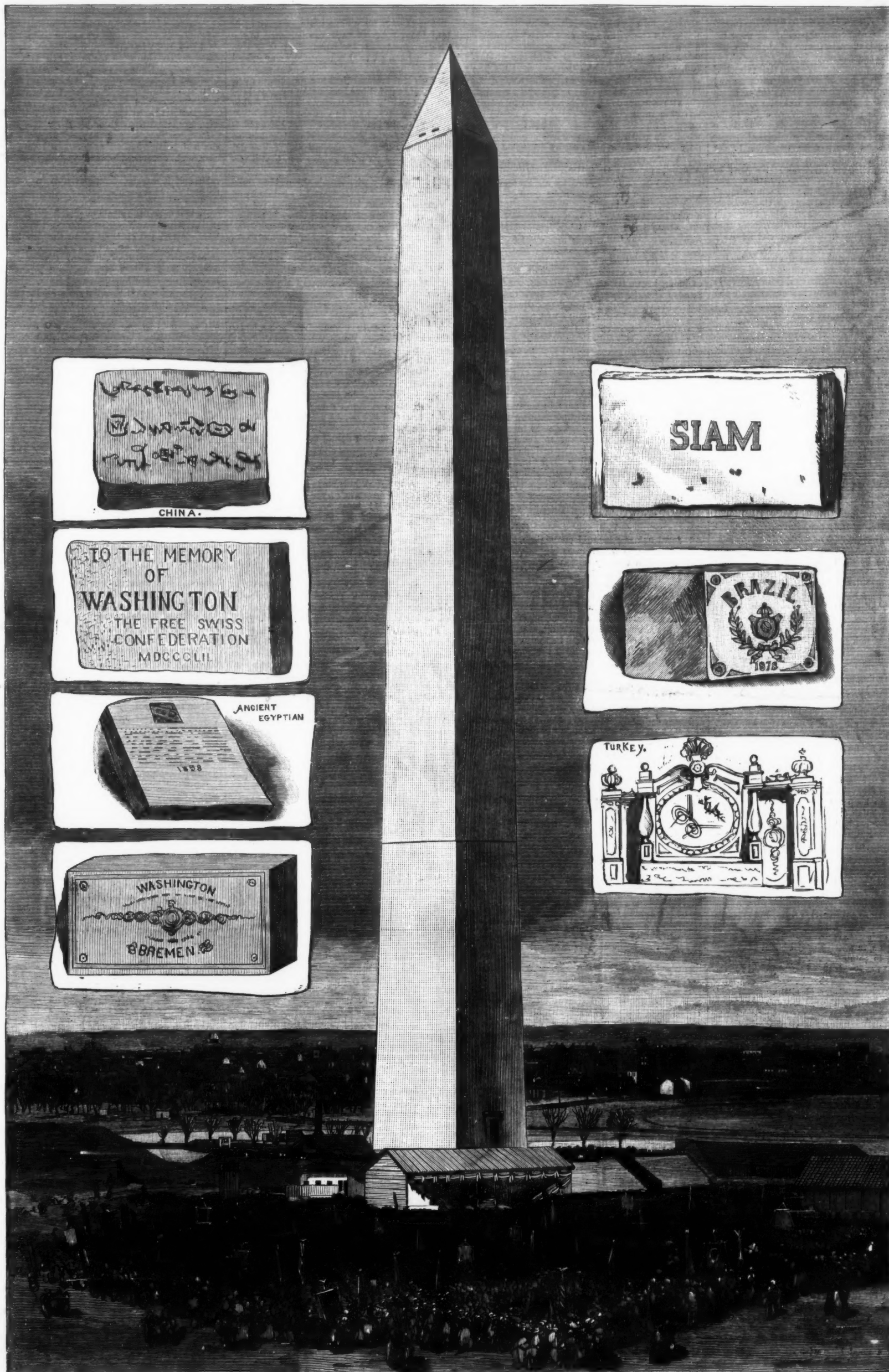
THE health of Mr. John Kelly is improving. He still suffers somewhat from insomnia, but this is passing away, and he hopes soon to be able to enjoy regular sleep. His appetite is better than it was. He has lost forty pounds of flesh since his sickness, but he can very well afford this, as he was becoming rather portly. His complexion is clear and his eye bright. He converses without difficulty, but, by direction of his physician, has taken no active part in political matters since his illness.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, who recently retired from his pulpit in New York, finds his lines cast in pleasant places in San Francisco. He will soon be installed as pastor of a non-sectarian church, of which Mrs. Leland Stanford will be the chief patron. It is said its doctrines will incline towards spiritualism, of which Mrs. Stanford has been a devotee since the death of her only son. Besides Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Charles Crocker is also mentioned as interested in the new project. The design is to make the church free to all, reserving only a few pews for the founders.

RATHER a good story is told at the expense of Edison, the inventor. He has lately taken to wearing a high silk hat. His former head-pieces have always carried a generous allowance of dust, cobwebs and the marks of acids. Walking up from his East Side laboratory the other day, he was much astonished to observe that the boys and girls made way for him with many marks of deference. Finally he was stopped by one little fellow, who said: "Father O'Brien, me mother, Mrs. Maloney, of Avenue A, bids me ax' your Riv'ince, since you be so oftin passin', to be kind enough to drop in on me grandmother, Mrs. Foley, who is clean gone with the rheumatism." "Father" Edison now wears his hat on one side and smokes a big cigar in going to fro and from his laboratory, much to the bewilderment of the youth of Avenue A.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE DICKENS CARNIVAL AT MECHANICS' HALL, IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY 17TH.—A PROCESSION OF THE CHARACTERS IN "BARNABY RUDGE" PASSING BEFORE THE GREAT NOVELIST.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT, FEBRUARY 21ST—THE MONUMENT AND SOME OF THE "MEMORIAL STONES."—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 27.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER VII.—A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

AND the evening and the morning were the seventh day! And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.

Sunday! The first Sunday since Catherine had stepped into the ranks of the bread-winners, and never before, had the word *Sabbath* held so much meaning for her. She would indeed "rest from labor." The deep-toned bells that were ringing from a score of steeples, as she lingered over a late breakfast (luxuriantly in the consciousness that she need not hurry from the table to the counter), sounded fuller than ever before of solemn power and tender invitation. "Peace! be still—be still!" was what they said to her. The restless week-a-day roar of the city was subdued to a decorous murmur. The metallic ring of boot-heels, a sound that had startled her into such nervous activity every few moments during that first long anxious week came to-day at leisurely intervals, and fell with a far-away, muffled sound on her unheeding ears, through the heavy wooden shutters. It was pleasant to think there was no need to take the green shutters down to-day. It was a day of rest for them too, and for all the shrouded glories of the show-window. It was a day of rest from chaffering, from eager servitude, from petty money changing. A day of rest from insolent patronage, from galling condescension, from curious scrutiny (for Mrs. Kendall's haughtily handsome face and imperious bearing seemed curiously out of place behind the little retail counter). A day of rest from the regularly recurring annoyance of the spectacle of a stately white-haired elderly man, pacing slowly (but with the regularity of the town clock) by Shropshire's Stand, his keen blue eyes scanning the open doorway with a scrutiny almost eager in its earnestness, sometimes pausing, as if determined to enter, always ending by not doing so, but walking on, out of sight, with a shrewdness that partook of reluctance. A day of rest from great expectations and small realizations. And Catherine blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. Betty made bold to ask her, that morning, where she was going to church, as their distance from the old locality demanded the selection of a new place of worship.

Mrs. Kendall's answer made the good creature pause mid-way between the kitchen and dining-room, with the tray of breakfast things clasped close to her astonished bosom. For Catherine's mind was soaring aloft with a Sabbath-day sense of freedom, away above Betty and the breakfast dishes and the little shop, as she answered slowly, almost dreamily:

"Six days of toil, poor child of Cain
Thy strength the slave of want may be.
The seventh—thy limbs escape the chain
And God hath made thee free!"

"And I am going to enjoy my God-given freedom in my own way, Betty. I shall not go to church at all."

"About the freedom you're right, Miss Kate. I ain't none of your howlin' church folks myself. But about the child of Cain, you're quite out, m'am. My father's name was plain Patrick Donovan." Betty answers, with literal appropriation and liberal translation of Mrs. Kendall's flight.

"Then it's old Bett," she resumed, returning empty handed from the kitchen, "and Miss Rosa that'll have to keep up the good name of the family for Christian folks. So I'd best be gettin' the purty thing ready."

Catherine was fully aware that the proposition to take Rosa with her was just one of Betty's kindly acts, meant to secure her mistress her day of rest in its fullest, quietest sense.

Shropshire's Stand was not all store. Modestly retiring from the street, a little way back was attached a small wing to the building. And, as the wing had its own front door, and its own scrap of front yard, a yard glorified by a short brick walk, flanked on either side by a couple of ancient arbor-vite trees, in which the vites must have been all powerful to combat so long and successfully with age and neglect, it had been reserved for the living rooms of the little family.

Mrs. Kendall's dining and sitting room consumed the entire first floor. A room that commanded an unlimited view of the afore-mentioned brick wall and dust crowned arbor-vites, a high wooden fence, or rather wall, painted the prevailing shade of dingy green, that seemed to have been so dear to the Shropshire soul, barring farther vision. Up-stairs her sleeping apartment and Betty's in friendly juxtaposition, shared between them a scrap of a balcony, which, all latticed and vine-shaded as it was, was the prettiest and pleasantest spot on the premises, looking out over the dingy green wall, taking in a bird's-eye view of the spires and streets and homes of the big crowded city, that Kate often looked out upon and sighed, "near a whole city full—friend had she none."

Betty and Rosa had passed out of sight through the hideous green doorway in the ugly wooden wall. Betty, so severely rigid in her stiff Sunday appareling as to necessitate a rigid style of carriage and progression altogether unlike her rapid work-day swing, her honest face some degrees ruddier by reason of extra Sabbathical ablutions, carried Rosa proudly in her arms, the pretty thing all ribbons and smiles was tremulous with delight, "To be gone all day," Betty said, with the air of one giving a bit of good news.

"We'll go to church first, like live Christians, as I hope we be. Then we'll go to my sister Jenny's, the same which cooks for Mrs. Mandeville Roxbury, one of the biggest guns in this town, where I'm sure of a good bite, without the trouble of cooking it aforehand, and afterwards I'll walk the purty thing about in the park 'til tea-time, for none too much outin' does she get these busy days. And you're not to draw an uneasy breath about

her, Miss Kate, for you'll know she's safe in Betty's arms all the while."

And Catherine had entered no demurrer. She was never one of those fondly foolish mothers given to disquieting themselves in vain, and she was glad to have them go, glad to be left entirely alone.

"A whole day to myself," she said, almost gleefully; "how shall I make the best of it? I'll do absolutely nothing until that wearies me. Absolutely nothing but use my eyes," she amended. So, with her hands idly folded, she sat in luxurious ease in her favorite spot, the vine-shaded scrap of a balcony, not even caring to open the morning's paper, which she had found on the floor of the balcony, in a damp crumpled knot, just as the carrier had flung it.

She did not consider that her poverty and isolation need be supplemented by an ignorance of current events, even though she went not with that current, so one daily paper was included among her luxuries. To be read generally by intermediate jerks and snatches, but to-day, after awhile, after she had enjoyed her *dolce far niente* to her utmost, she would enjoy her paper to its utmost. So she sat for a long time after Betty and Rosa went away, gazing down upon the stream of pious humanity that flowed with a tranquil Sunday sluggishness by Shropshire's Stand towards the church that flanked the square to her right. She wondered if Betty had taken Rosa to that church, to sustain the family name for Christianity. Her outlook commanded one of the city parks, a pleasure-ground for up-town citizens. It was small, but oh! so inviting, with its bright parterres and handsome shade trees, its well-kept sward and white shelled walks. Were ever green trees so lovely in her eyes before? Were those trees extraordinary in themselves, or was it Shropshire's parody of nature's favorite line that made nature's own green so lovely? she wondered. There were birds in the trees out yonder. She could hear them whistling and chirruping and warbling, as they used to whistle and chirrup and warble in the trees around the old rectory at home, where she used to fancy they were trying to whistle down the poor feeble piping organ in the little church nearby, where she and father and the boys used to go as regularly as the Sunday rolled around.

It furnished her languid entertainment, in her idle loneliness, to watch these city worshippers as they poured in a steady stream towards the open doors of the church. Every one walked slowly and decorously, not with the eager earnestness of those in hot pursuit of worldly gain or sensual satisfaction. There is no need to hurry over Sabbath day transactions. Spiritual nourishment is not of the nature of hasty pudding, and the treasure which is only available in the celestial exchange can be laid up without undue mortification of the flesh or unseemly speed. So Catherine had ample opportunity to scan the men's faces and the women's bonnets. But the transient interest she felt in that crowd of strangers went deeper than facial expression or chip and artificial flowers.

It was rather a sombre sort of curiosity concerning that young husband and his happy-looking wife, sauntering slowly by on their way to church, arm in arm, just as she and Gregory used to go, before he had broken the tie that bound them and shattered their home happiness for ever. Was this couple really as happy and united as their serene faces and locked arms bespoke them? Was the serenity that illumined their features resting in their souls as well, or was it put on with his best coat and, her best bonnet, for Sunday wear and the world's inspection only? When they had locked their bouse door behind them, before starting for church, had they locked up a closet too? A closet with a hideous skeleton in it, as she and Gregory used to lock a closet behind them and walk smilingly, arm in arm, before all men? Who knew? This man and this woman passed from her sight into the church over yonder, gone to acknowledge to Omniscience in a confidential whisper that they had done the things they ought not to have done, and left undone the things they ought to have done. But that confession was not for Catherine nor the world.

A noisy troop of boys clattered close behind the arm in arm couple. Half-grown boys, painfully conscious of too much wrist and an upward tendency about their pant knees, deficiencies for which nothing short of a little promissory down upon the upper lip can console the boyish soul. Gregory's wife smiled down upon them from her ambush. There were four of them long-winded, merry-voiced, bright, rollicking, happy-faced. Just the number and the ages of the brothers that had made the delight and the torment of her own girlish existence. "Oh! the boys! the dear, dear boys, with ever a glove to be hunted, a button replaced, a sorrow sympathized with, a task to be helped with, a scrape tided over, and kisses for her reward! Would they be saddened, in their scattered homes, with their new ties and new joys about them, if they could know how desolately alone Cath, "Queen Cath," as they used to call her, was sitting there on that bright blessed Sunday?

She had smiled down upon the boys, but tears moistened her eyelids as her gaze fell on the bent form of an old man, leaning heavily on the strong young arm of a daughter, who tenderly regulated the springy steps of youth to the feeble requirements of age. She, too, had once thus tenderly lent her lusty strength to support an old man's tottering steps. But the old man was dead now, gone to renew his youth and strength at the fountain of immortality, and she was an orphan. An orphan! a deserted wife! a friendless woman! Every one but herself seemed to have some companionship, some one to shorten the long life journey with a sense of comradeship. Some one to warm the chilled soul, as only loving sympathy can warm it.

At last there was one solitary figure! It was that of an elderly man. His hair was flecked with gray, his eyes were keen and bright and blue. He walked with a heavy gold-headed cane! What was he doing there? He was an anachronism on this bright blessed day of rest. He belonged to the week-day world. To the odious shop days that had been haunted by his presence as an added element of annoyance and disgust. Catherine resented his appearance before her on this, her day of rest. He carried her back to the shop, and the chaffering and the petty money changing, and to the suspicion that this man was somehow or other destined to glide into her life to work her an endless amount of woe. Else, why should he be thus ever present before her physical sight? She did not believe, as Betty tried to have her, that it was purely accidental.

Almost wistfully the man's keen blue eyes scanned the barred windows and bolted doorway of Shropshire Stand, but he never once paused, for he, too, was progressing in a leisurely fashion towards the church over yonder. Catherine turned peevishly from her outlook. He had darkened the day for her. Destroyed that perfect calm which had come to her with the solemn chime or church bells, the cathedral stillness of the house and the blessed leisure of the morning, but was by no means the normal condition of her restlessly active spirit. She had thought to steep every moment of this day in idle enjoyment, but already she began to wonder how many hours Betty and little Rosa would yet be gone.

Betty and Rosa! In a world full of people they were all that was left to her. An unlettered servant girl and a child too young to exchange a word will constitute all my world, all my association, all my society, she bitterly thought. How long can I stand it, stand it and not go wild? I fancied seclusion was what I wanted for my brain work. I was wrong. Minds need friction as the body needs exercise. I do not think in this dreary isolation. I brood! Brood and remember! Brood over joys I have tasted, but shall never taste again. Remember hours that make the past ghastly, the present hideous? I want no more Sundays! No more days of rest! No more stopping of the wheel! Work, work, work, must be my life, my pleasure, my panacea. Oh! Gregory, how could you! With her hands outstretched in a burst of passionate resentment, she paused in her restless circuit of the room, as her gloom-shadowed eyes rested on a small oil portrait of her husband that hung above the mantel. She confidently believed that Gregory would come back to her some day, as suddenly and causelessly as he had left her. And he should find that she had not tried to banish his image from her heart.

It was a handsome face that smiled serene indifference down upon her stormy agitation. A perfect oval, features delicate, but as clear-cut as a stone cameo, a face fuller of refinement than of strength. The mouth, hidden by a full brown mustache, short curly hair crowning a shapely head well set upon a long, slender white throat; a pair of large dark eyes, in which, at the taking of that likeness, shone the lambent light of the honeymoon, a generous luminary that lightens up our perfections and tenderly casts our defects into the shadow.

Catherine loved this picture as a memento of Gregory at his best. And to it she uttered her plaint.

"How could you, Gregory?—oh, how could you? What does it all mean? What did I do to bring it about? As God is my witness I do not know. To think—to think, Gregory, of all this useless misery! I—poor, alone, looked at askance; you a wanderer, self-exiled from wife, home and child. My God, for the power to undo it all! It seems like some baseless, hideous dream."

Restlessly pacing to and fro, she became conscious, presently, that she still grasped the paper she had picked up on the balcony, but never even unfolded.

"I will read it," she said, decidedly—"read it through conscientiously, set myself a task that will kill an hour or two for me, for sit and brood any longer I dare not."

In pursuance of this resolve, she began laboriously and conscientiously to master the contents of the eight pages of the *Sunday Times*.

Presently an exclamation of pain burst from her lips, and again and again she read this cruel paragraph, there seemed a horrible fascination about the written words that held her gaze spellbound:

"The mills of the gods do not always grind with their proverbial slowness. A few short months ago our community was thrown into a state of indignant excitement over the sudden and mysterious taking off of an estimable young chemist, who was regarded as one of our most promising young men. The man who, beyond a possibility of a doubt, was the murderer, has met with a fearful punishment speedily. Gregory Kendall, who, deaf to every call of nature, deserted wife and child, and fled the city to escape the terror of the law, is now a raving lunatic in Spottstown Asylum. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

"Then I, too, am a murderer!" cried Gregory's wife.

Her head dropped upon her hands, and such a gust of passionate agitation as never before had shaken that strong, brave spirit, swept stormily over her, bending her to the earth like a broken reed. It was all so unreal! so startling, this dark revelation coming to her there in the peaceful quiet of her own room. With the bright sunlight flooding the world outside and shining down upon Spencer Whitehurst's grave, almost forgotten already by that busy world. With the solemn notes of the organ floating across the quiet square to her ears. It had come to her, this awful revelation, with no clamor of accusation or reproach, through no agency but that of her own unquiet spirit, but it had stunned her like a fierce blow from a brutal hand.

"My God for the sound of a human voice!" she gasped; "the clasp of a human hand! Anything, anything to break this ghastly silence, to bring me back from this dream of horror."

Gregory accused, exiled, maddened for a crime he is as innocent of as our baby Roser! And I—I could have helped it! It is I who sent Spencer Whitehurst to his grave! I who broke that lonely old woman's heart! I who drove my husband to the madhouse! Oh, father, father, why cannot I go to you? Where shall I turn for help, for pity, and for counsel?"

A sharp ring at the door-bell sent her flying with hysterical haste to admit Betty and Rosa.

Pale, her dark lashes still dewy with the tears she had hastily dashed aside, more lovely than ever, with a certain look of womanly weakness about her, she stood within the open door. Stately, calm and handsome, irrefragable in point of apparel and deportment Hugh Gorham stood without the open door.

He had hoped she would be glad to see him. He wanted her to be. But when both her white hands were clasped passionately about the one he extended in greeting, and in a voice trembling with emotion, she exclaimed, "Thank God you have come at last!" a flash of triumphant pleasure lit his cold gray eyes into positive beauty.

All unconscious of the interpretation that might be placed upon her actions, she clung to him until she had drawn him towards the little sofa in the sitting-room; he was nothing to her, this handsome, cool man of brains and position, nothing to her individually, but he was a representative of the great human family, with a heart to feel for her, a brain to counsel her, a soul to pity her in this the time of her sore need.

CHAPTER VIII.—SUNSHINE AND MR. GORHAM.

"READ that!" she cried, hysterically, holding the crumpled morning paper towards him, indicating with a trembling finger the disturbing paragraph; "pity me and tell me what to do!" then sinking into a low chair close by the sofa on which she had ensconced her visitor, she folded her hands tightly over one another, and in affected calmness watched the reader's face, only one small slippered foot, beating the faded carpet with restless motion, bespoke her ill at ease.

"I do not believe one word of it," says the lawyer, presently, turning his clear gray eyes from the paper to Gregory's wife. "I do not believe that Gregory Kendall has ever seen the interior of a madhouse, nor that he ever shed a drop of human blood. That circumstantial evidence was strong enough against him to render his absence advisable is probable, but you are aware, I presume, that Spencer Whitehurst's mother has peremptorily commanded that all inquiry into the matter should be dropped. So now, whoever the guilty party may be, he may rest in peace, so far at least as man's punishment is concerned; the matter lays between himself now and his God alone!"

How solemnly he said it, and how keenly he watched that pale, beautiful face before him, to note if its pallor deepened, or if the woman's heart that must inform that tender, thoughtful gaze would not proclaim her guilt or her innocence.

"I wonder where Gregory is?" she said, not tenderly, nor yet unkindly, simply inquiringly.

"Do you long so for his return?" asked Gregory's friend, perfectly conscious of a fierce spasm of jealousy.

"No," says Kate, with the utmost calmness, "I do not. For his desertion of me and of his child was altogether independent of this tragedy, so far at least as he has seen fit to assign any reason for an act totally without the pale of reason. That I never can, I never will forgive. But I wondered why you should so peremptorily refuse credence to a paragraph that had the power to shake me like some hideous nightmare. It is a great thing to be a man. I mean a cool, calm, brain-ready man, who can bring his reason to bear at a moment's notice upon the improbable points of an assertion, instead of a foolish, hysterical woman, always ready to accept the improbable and believe the worst."

"Especially," says the lawyer, smiling, "if the 'improbable' is couched in long primer and a woman's affections are involved. It is amazing the ready credence we yield any printed statement. You have been disquieting yourself in vain over a purely sensational paragraph. 'Read that—pity me and tell me what to do,' was your triple command. I have read that, and disposed of it satisfactorily, I hope. Pity you for your dreary isolation when you should be adorning society, I do. Tell you what to do? How can I, when my advice would be thrown back at me with regal scorn?"

"How do you know it would?" asks Catherine, with a flash of her white teeth and a saucy glance from big brown eyes.

He had dispelled the shadows, lightened her heart, and she felt, oh, so grateful to him. Then she blushed rosy red, and grew handsomer in her visitor's eyes with every blush. These two had not seen each other since that day, now two months gone, when they had discussed trade and finance with the matter of fact precision of two coal merchants or wholesale grocers. Mr. Gorham had indicated the amount of capital at her command, and Mrs. Kendall had notified him of certain sight-drafts she had drawn upon him. He had consented to be her banker, had passed some well-worn comments on the weather of to-day and the probabilities of to-morrow, and gone away. Mrs. Kendall, of course, had been powerless to bring about any more meetings had she desired to do so. She had ceased expecting him, having now been in her new location some weeks. Now that he had put her in the way of keeping herself and child from want, she reasoned, he had discharged his duty to his friend and gone back to his law work,

his social duties in the circles of wealth and fashion, his routine of brain labor, and leisurely pursuit of worldly enjoyment, wiping the whole Kendall family out of his very recollection. So, what between her surprise and pleasure and confusion, she had thrown more warmth into her greeting than she was quite aware of.

Before he had come, sitting there brooding in the horrible stillness of the house, every painful recollection of her life had mustered to haunt her; then that cruel paragraph had plunged her into keener depths of misery than she had ever yet been called upon to fathom.

As for the pallor and the dewy eyelids and the flush of eager welcome, that had set the lawyer's calm pulses bounding so hotly, any one whom she had found on the outside of that door would have been the recipient of them as the thrice welcome dispeller of gloom and shadow.

Happily, Mr. Gorham did not know all this, and it was not difficult for him (being a very handsome man not at all unused to welcoming glances from brilliant eyes) to see in it only the unmistakable indications of a pleasure too great to be hidden.

(To be continued.)

THE DICKENS CARNIVAL IN BOSTON.

WHILE Momus presided over the Mardi Gras revels in New Orleans, and the closing gayeties of the social season in other cities took the form of balls, receptions and banquets, Boston indulged in the semi-intellectual dissipation of a "Dickens" carnival. The time was Shrove Tuesday night, and the place was Mechanics' Hall. The unique entertainment attracted unusual attention, not only on account of the extensive scale upon which it was organized, but also from the fact that it owed its origin and organization to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. The Union has always been opposed to asking charity for its benevolent objects, and the carnival was a happy thought to aid the treasury. Its success may be judged from the fact that over 7,000 tickets were sold. The hall was crowded by a brilliant assemblage which included not a few of the literary and artistic celebrities of the New England Athens.

On one side of the hall, in front of the stage, was a miniature representation of Dickens's garden at Gad's Hill; on the other, a veritable gypsy's camp, the little horse-shoe tent hidden away back among the evergreen trees and mossy banks, while near to the border was a log fire with the old iron kettle hanging from the tripod above. The stage itself was given up to the tableaux and processions. The first picture upon which the curtain rose was the cathedral scene from "David Copperfield," "Marriage Bells, One, Two, Three," "This was followed by scenes from "Bleak House," "Pickwick," "Our Mutual Friend" and "Old Curiosity Shop," while the singing of "The Ivy Green" and the dancing of a minuet afforded agreeable interludes.

Then came the most interesting and poetically suggestive picture of the evening—which our artist has reproduced. It represented Charles Dickens himself (personated by Mr. Bernard P. Verne), seated thoughtfully at a table, while before him passed a procession of the characters in "Barnaby Rudge," "Jo and Dolly Varden," "Emily, Lord George Gordon," the hangman, the blind-man, the rioters, Mr. and Mrs. Varden, Simon Tappertit and Misses and Dennis filed slowly past. Finally, the uncouth Barnaby Rudge, with Grip, the raven, on his back; came silently in and made his obeisance to Dickens. The complete cast of this admirably managed tableau, under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Dugan, is herewith given:

Barnaby Rudge, Walter H. Dugan; Simeon Tappertit, S. F. McCreary; Dolly Varden, Miss Mattie Hodgman; Gabriel Varden, Mrs. Fraser, of Somerville; Misses, Miss Evelyn Washburn; Sir John Chester, Mr. Clark; Edward Chester, George S. Baldwin; Lord George Gordon, John S. Young; Gashford, Mr. Morton; Maypole Hugh, Mr. Davenport; Dennis, the hangman, Lewis Brown; Old Rufe, H. W. Friend; Stag, Charles Burrill; Jeffrey Hare-dale, Mr. Smith; Old Willett, Mr. Dolber; Miss Hare-dale, Miss Willis; Mrs. Rudge, Mrs. Masters; John Gruppy, Mr. Brown.

"The Tale of Two Cities" furnished the final scene, during which the "Marseillaise" was sung by a group surrounding the Goddess of Liberty. Then the entire company of Dickens's characters formed in line and marched across the stage and down the centre aisle.

Early in the evening, just after the "Old Curiosity Shop" scene had been presented, an accident occurred which only prompt action and cool self-control prevented from developing into a panic. The drapery on the side of the proscenium caught fire from a gas jet, and spread almost instantly to the curtains. The audience viewed the scene with subdued terror, but preserved the utmost presence of mind. Mr. J. Thomas Baldwin, almost as soon as the curtain was pulled down by the hands of excited amateur firemen, lifted his baton and ordered his orchestra to play. Their music was a reassurance, but still the flames continued to spread. It had almost reached the opposite side when a fireman climbed aloft, seized the cloth and, tearing it from the framework, dropped it part way to the stage. The danger now was over, and not a single person had been injured. It seemed almost miraculous.

THE GARIBALDI MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK.

TO the number, now in Central Park, of fine monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of distinguished foreigners, there is soon to be added one of Garibaldi, by Giovanni Turini, as represented in our illustration on page 29. This work will be placed in the Park, on an appropriate plot to be selected by the commissioners, at the instance of the leading Italians of New York, who have already contributed a sum sufficient to make the success of the project undoubted. Those who have been active in forwarding this enterprise embrace the same gentlemen who undertook the erection of the bust of Mazzini—also sculptured by Turini—the unveiling of that bust being the last public occasion on which the late William Cullen Bryant appeared. The monument to Garibaldi, as accepted by the committee, is now in miniature at the studio of the sculptor, 44 West Thirtieth Street. The work will cost \$10,000. The main figure of Garibaldi, with half-drawn sword, rises to a height of nine feet from the pedestal of rough hewn granite, while the two figures of the

bugler and the rifleman on either side, are six feet each in height. Garibaldi appears in his well-known fighting costume, with the traditional hat and shirt, and in the attitude of drawing his sword—which attitude Mr. Turini has seized as best representing that peculiar characteristic which made Garibaldi so redoubtable among the modern chieftains of liberty. The sculptor has been particularly happy in depicting in Garibaldi's face his stern and rugged honesty, with its paternal dignity and loyalty marked in its grand and massive strength. The entire figure, too, is full of power and majesty, while the active motif of the composition, its spirited purity and dash, will render the monument a highly desirable contribution to the outdoor ornamentation of the Central Park. The work is to be cast in bronze.

Mr. Turini's other recent works are a bust of "Liberty" for General Grant, "The Bathing Girl," "The First Step," a double medallion head of Chief Justice and Mrs. Daly, and a "Roman Girl." This artist, although of Italian birth, has been eighteen years in the United States, and is an American citizen. He has a studio in Rome, one in Cararra, and his third in New York, and is married to an American lady by whom he has two children.

DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

THE formal dedication of the Washington Monument, on Saturday, the 21st instant, marked an epoch in our national history. It is eighty-six years since the suggestion of a national monument commemorative of the nation's grateful appreciation of the life and work of Washington received the sanction of Congress. Through all these years the enterprise has lagged, and it has seemed at times as if the nation had forgotten the Father of his Country. But the expression of its gratitude, if tardy, has at last found real expression, the grandeur of the finished tribute compensating in no small sense for the delay in its completion. We have in these columns so recently described the Monument that we need only refer, at this time, to some of the more interesting facts connected with it. The cost of the completed monument will aggregate \$1,500,000. The shaft is 555 feet high, and the entire height, including the foundations, 592 feet. The base of the obelisk is 55 feet 1½ inches square. At 500 feet above the ground it has four sides, each of which is 35 feet wide. Its area at this point is that of a comfortable six-room house, each room of which might be 12x16. It would take more than 125 yards of carpet to cover its floor, and a man might build a pleasant summer residence there. This square forms the base of the pyramidal top, which runs from it 55 feet until it terminates in its metallic point. This point is constructed of the largest piece of aluminum ever made. It is a pyramid 9 inches high, and weighs exactly one hundred ounces, being one-third as light as it would be if it were made of copper. Aluminum does not corrode, and it makes one of the best conductors of lightning.

The monument is only veneered with marble, but as it is over 2 feet thick, it is substantial. It is 30 feet higher than any other work of man. The highest point now attained is by the spire of the Cathedral at Cologne, 525 feet; the next is the Cheops, 480; the Strasburg Cathedral is 463 feet, St. Peter's at Rome is 457, the Capitol at Washington is 366, and Bunker Hill Monument 220 feet.

The stones of which the monument is constructed are great blocks, in some cases 9 feet long, 2 feet thick, and 3 and more feet wide. There are more than 18,000 of them. They are of white marble, and weigh several tons each. One hundred and eighty-one "memorial stones" have from first to last been contributed for use in the monument; but only 83 were set in that portion of the shaft that was built prior to 1856. Many of the others were entirely unworthy of a place, and were rejected by the commission. Among those sent was one from the Pope, several from foreign governments, and one from each of the States and Territories, excepting Oregon, Colorado and New Mexico, Idaho, Washington, Indian and Alaska Territories. They will probably send stones to be used in the interior. The stone sent by Virginia is inscribed: "Virginia, who gave Washington to the country, gives this granite to his monument." One from Georgia bears the inscription, "The Union as it was; the Constitution as it is." Louisiana, which sent her stone shortly before the Civil War, bears the inscription, "Faithful to the Constitution and the Union." Michigan sends a solid copper block, 4x2 feet, from her mines, with silver lettering. The block sent by Brigham Young has upon it the Mormon seal, with the word "Deseret" beneath it, the name which he chose for Utah. Another block, 3x1½ feet, is from Mount Vesuvius, sent by William Terrell, of Georgia. Among the stones sent from abroad is one from China, with a long inscription in Chinese characters speaking in the highest terms of Washington, and saying that in qualities of greatness he even surpassed their greatest men. There are others from Greece, Turkey, Brazil, the Grecian archipelago and elsewhere, while France, Germany and England are conspicuous by their absence in offerings of this nature.

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the monument were of the most imposing character. The procession embraced over 6,000 men, and made an unusually fine display. Forming at the base of the monument, where the initial ceremonies took place, it marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, while salutes were fired at the Navy Yard, the Artillery headquarters and Fort Meyer. At the Capitol the procession was reviewed by the President from a stand on the eastern front. The concluding ceremonies took place in the hall of the House of Representatives, where an immense crowd assembled to listen to the addresses.

HOW GORDON DIED.

GORDON's trusted messenger, George, who has arrived at Abu-Klea, says that almost all the native accounts agree that General Gordon, on finding himself betrayed, made a rush for the magazine near the Catholic mission buildings. Finding the rebels already in possession, he returned to the Government house and was killed while trying to re-enter it. The rebels were admitted to Khartoum at ten o'clock on the night of the 26th of January. Another account says that General Gordon rushed towards the magazine, intending to explode it and thus prevent the ammunition, of which there were several tons, from falling into the hands of the enemy. The Arabs quickly realized his intention and shot him dead.

Another servant of Gordon's, who made his escape from Khartoum, says that Farag, upon

whom Gordon relied implicitly, was really the person who delivered the capital over to El Mahdi's troops. When they entered the city it was Farag who prevented the garrison from firing upon them. The story that Farag had once been a slave, and that General Gordon secured his liberation, and that when he subsequently entered Gordon's service the latter was deceived into mistaking Farag's zeal for evidence of gratitude, is corroborated by the author of this statement. He also says that after Gordon fell, the Arabs killed his clerk and nine others with spears. The others who were at the time with Gordon escaped. The servant declares that, with the exception of the attack in which these murders were committed, there was no fighting in Khartoum. During the attack, however, all the Europeans and most of the notables were killed. While the attack was in progress the male inhabitants of the city joined the insurgents.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. H. LEFLEY has, from analysis of masses of boiled beetroot, obtained an average of 131 grams of nitrate of potassium, and 143 grams of chloride of potassium in every 100 kilograms.

CORK bricks have recently been introduced in some parts of Europe. The material used is a mixture of cork, silica and lime. It is stated to be a perfectly durable material, guaranteed not to rot. It has the advantage of keeping out heat and cold. It is light in weight and easily applied.

TO DEMONSTRATE the transference of bacteria from the soil to the air, Brautlecht moistened ignited sand, gravelly soil, and a moderately clayey garden soil, with liquid containing bacteria, and covered the substances so treated with glass bells. In a few hours microbes of the kind contained in the liquid abounded in the moisture condensed on the sides of the bell.

THE tri-annual report of the United States Commissioner of patents shows that during the last year there were issued 20,297 patents and designs, 116 patents were reissued, and 1,021 trade marks and 513 labels were registered, 12,301 patents expired, and patents were withheld on 2,839 cases for non-payment of the final fee. Of the patents issued, 19,013 were to citizens of the United States, and 1,284 to citizens of foreign countries.

DR. MARTIN, of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, has made a series of observations, stretching over a period of years, on nervous affection among the children of alcoholic drinkers. In eighty-three families, in which one or more members showed nervous excitability, traceable to alcoholic origin, there were 410 children. Of these, 108, more than a quarter, had convulsions; and, in the year 1874, 169 were dead, 241 were still alive, but eighty-four, more than one-third of the survivors, were epileptic.

SEVERAL public tests of the invention for telegraphing between railway trains at full speed have been made on the New York and New Haven Railroad. It is claimed for this new device that by its use a train in motion can be kept in constant communication with the stationary world. While the tests made were not wholly satisfactory in receiving, a great number of messages were sent while the train was in motion, and the projectors have every reason to hope for the ultimate perfection of their undertaking.

FROM experimental measurements of the temperature of the body during acts of motion the following conclusions have been reached by a French observer: That the lowest temperature in man, following a period of rest, is 98.4 degrees; that the temperature rises under the influence of an ascending effort to 100.6 degrees, and under the influence of a descending effort to 100.3 degrees; that it increases after any exertion, but more after an ascending than a descending one; and that the chemical actions of the organisms are augmented after every movement.

A LATE Paris letter says of Mr. Humphrey Moore, the deaf mute artist: "Mr. Moore, however, talks as nimbly with his fingers as other persons do with their tongues, and that, too, in four or five languages. He is one of our best American painters, and two of his pictures are attracting a great deal of attention. One is a characteristic Spanish scene, a view of the Alhambra—twelve dancers and musicians on and around a table; two coquettish ladies, seated in chairs enjoying themselves with the gossip of these cabotins, and in the background the old Moorish palace. In truth, the scene is a living one. Mr. Moore has reproduced with marvellous fidelity the black eyes, the luscious lips, the graceful forms, the exact colors which he saw in Seville and elsewhere out-of-doors in that picturesque land. The figures are small, almost minute, and yet with what a vigorous touch, with what great *finesse*, has he laid on all the artistic details that were necessary to give to them a moving actuality. This remark is equally true as applied to the other picture, a scene in Japan, and which is brim full of the local color of that far-off Empire. For these two pictures Mr. Crocker paid for the Spanish \$7,000, and for the Japanese one \$4,000. Bonnat pronounces both of them *ravissant*. Mr. Moore is a pupil of the great Gerome, and a disciple, so to speak, of the lamented Fortuny.

MAJOR STEINBERG, of the United States Army, an expert in the matter of disinfectants for contagious diseases, recently made some tests with bales of quarantined rags at the Baltic Stores, Brooklyn. He brought with him, from the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he is detailed, vials containing live germs of the much-dreaded cholera and live germs of smallpox. Into one bale of rags he inserted the cholera germs, and into another bale the smallpox germs. Each bale was inclosed in an iron box and thoroughly impregnated with sulphuric acid gas. Two other bales of rags were tainted with the cholera and smallpox germs, respectively, and subjected to heroic steam treatment. The question that Major Steinberg desired to settle was—which was the better disinfectant, sulphuric acid gas or steam. About fifteen minutes were consumed in the disinfection of each bale, after which the germs used were carefully collected and restored to their respective vials. They were then taken to Baltimore and used to inoculate several rabbits to ascertain whether the disinfecting processes had rendered them harmless. The rabbits which were inoculated with the germs subjected to sulphuric acid gas treatment died, after showing symptoms of cholera and smallpox. None of the rabbits inoculated with the germs which had been disinfected by steam suffered any harm. Hereafter steam will be used in the disinfection of all suspected rags consigned to the Government stores.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE revised version of the Old Testament will soon be published.

THE Pennsylvania Senate has rejected a Bill providing for the whipping of wife-beaters.

THE Roman Catholic priests in Canada have begun a pulpit crusade against ladies tobogganing.

THE Swiss Bundesrath has resolved upon a wholesale expulsion from Switzerland of foreign Anarchists.

THE faculty of Harvard College will hereafter make admission examinations in Greek optional with students.

THE town of Alta, in Utah, has been almost obliterated by snow-slides. Thirty persons have been killed, and others are missing.

IT has been decided by a St. Louis judge that three chromos, a bust of Longfellow, and an art painting worth \$6, may legally constitute an "art parlor."

THE Lower House of the Michigan Legislature has passed a resolution submitting the question of a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution to a vote of the people.

WARRANTS have been issued for the arrest of the Oklahoma boomers and have been made returnable on the day the would-be settlers expect to begin their second invasion of Indian Territory.

GERMANY has signed a treaty of commerce and amity with the Boers of the Transvaal. A treaty with Samoa has also been entered into by Germany, the ostensible purpose being to secure good government and the certainty of justice for German residents of the islands.

THE Peabody Fund for the benefit of the poor of London now amounts to \$4,086,595, less \$1,706,666 owing on building loans. During the year that ended on the 16th instant the trustees provided 10,144 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries and wash-houses, for 18,453 persons.

THE United States Senate last week passed the Anti-foreign Contract Labor Bill. It provides that no person, corporation or partnership shall import any foreigners into the United States under a contract to perform labor or services of any kind, and that whoever violates the law shall be liable to \$1,000 fine.

A CLAUSE in the Indian Appropriation Bill, as passed by the Senate, sets aside \$50,000 to be expended by the President in relieving any sudden distress which may arise among the tribes. This should prevent a recurrence of such sufferings as the Piegiens in Montana endured last Winter, to the disgrace of Christian civilization and the American Congress.

IN Paris, last week, a mob attacked and stoned the German flag carried by German Socialists in the Jules Vallès's funeral procession. The admirers of Vallès, widely known as a Socialist journalist, thronged the streets in great numbers, and for a time the uproar and fighting defied all attempts at suppression. It is estimated that at least 40,000 persons attended the funeral ceremonies at Père La Chaise.

A LARGE number of ex-prisoners of Andersonville, from Ohio, have just concluded a pilgrimage to the old prison-pen. On entering the grounds, religious services were held, and an address was made describing Andersonville as it was twenty years ago. The visitors spent several hours in tramping over the old stockade ground, cutting canes and sticks, and picking up such pieces of the stockade as could be found.

THE change that has taken place in the moral condition of the natives of the South Pacific Islands is not more gratifying than it is remarkable. There are now 350,000 Christians in those islands, the majority of whom were, a few years ago, heathens of the most degraded type. They now support their own religious institutions and have most of the graces of the Christian character, as well as the manners and customs of civilized life.

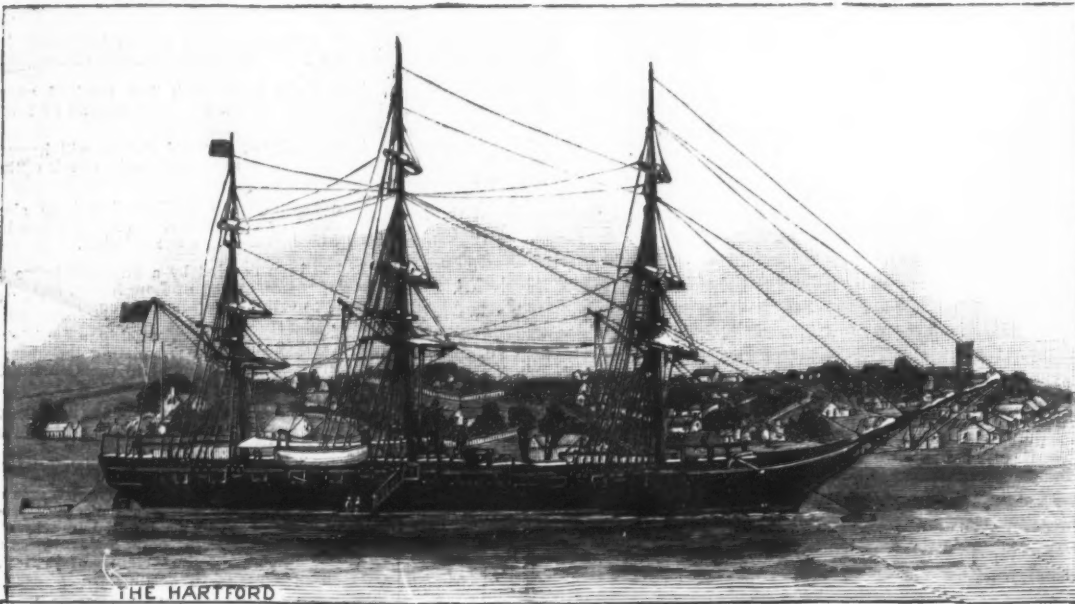
THE Gridiron is the latest Washington club. It is a dining club made up of about forty of the leading Washington correspondents. The club dinner is to be held monthly, beginning on the last Saturday of this month, when several distinguished guests will be entertained. All former attempts to establish a correspondents' club at the Capital have failed, but the Gridiron starts off so well that success is predicted for it. Major Ben Perley Poore is the first president.

THE Oregon Legislature has passed a local option Bill. It provides that a license can be issued only on a petition of a majority of the voters in the precinct where the saloon is situated. The license fee is fixed at \$300 a year. The New Jersey Senate has passed a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. It has still to pass the Assembly this year and both Houses again next year before it can be submitted to the people.

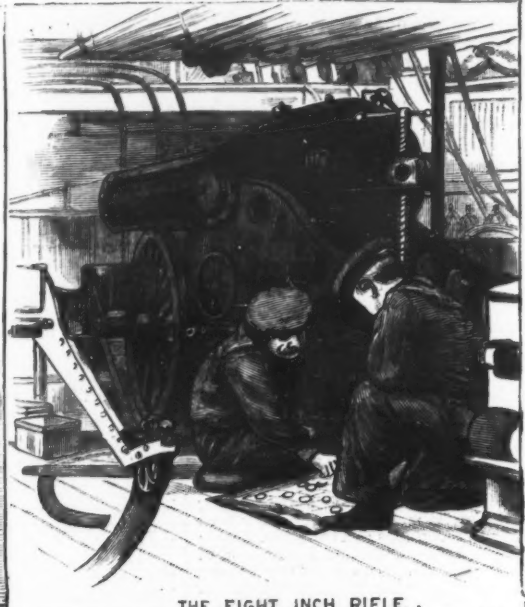
IT is authoritatively stated that "Irish agitation is to be renewed," and that another anti-riot strike may be expected at an early date. The London Fishmongers' Company, which is one of the oldest and richest of the famous guilds of London, has determined to sell forthwith its extensive estates in Ireland. The company has over 400 tenants, who pay \$45,000 per year in rents. It has offered the tenants the first opportunity of purchasing their holdings on easy terms.

A CHICAGO jury, of about the average intelligence of such bodies, recently adopted a novel method to reach an agreement. The foreman suggested that they toss up a penny, the "head" to give the plaintiff \$100, or the tail \$50. This very original way of attaining unanimity in rendering a verdict came to the judge's ears, and he ordered the defendant a new trial. Possibly in a great many more important cases the ends of justice would be as nearly met by this new device of tossing up for a verdict as by the old and accepted methods.

THE wife of a foreign Minister in Washington has set an example which, if followed more generally, would soon exclude from respectable society young men who disgrace themselves at evening parties. She has drawn the line at young Holman, son of the Indiana Representative, who appeared in a condition scarcely fit for the stable at the ball given at "Stewart Castle" a few weeks ago. The lady sent a note to the young man requesting him to return the invitation to a reception issued previous to that affair, adding that she could not receive him at her house.



THE HARTFORD



THE EIGHT INCH RIFLE.



A COMPANY OF BLUE JACKETS



THE ARMED CUTTER

LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.—SKETCHES ON THE U. S. STEAM CORVETTE "HARTFORD."
SEE PAGE 27.



NEW YORK CITY.—READING THE NEWS.—A SKETCH AT THE ALMSHOUSE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.

THE HISTORIC "HARTFORD."
SKETCHES ON A MAN-OF-WAR.



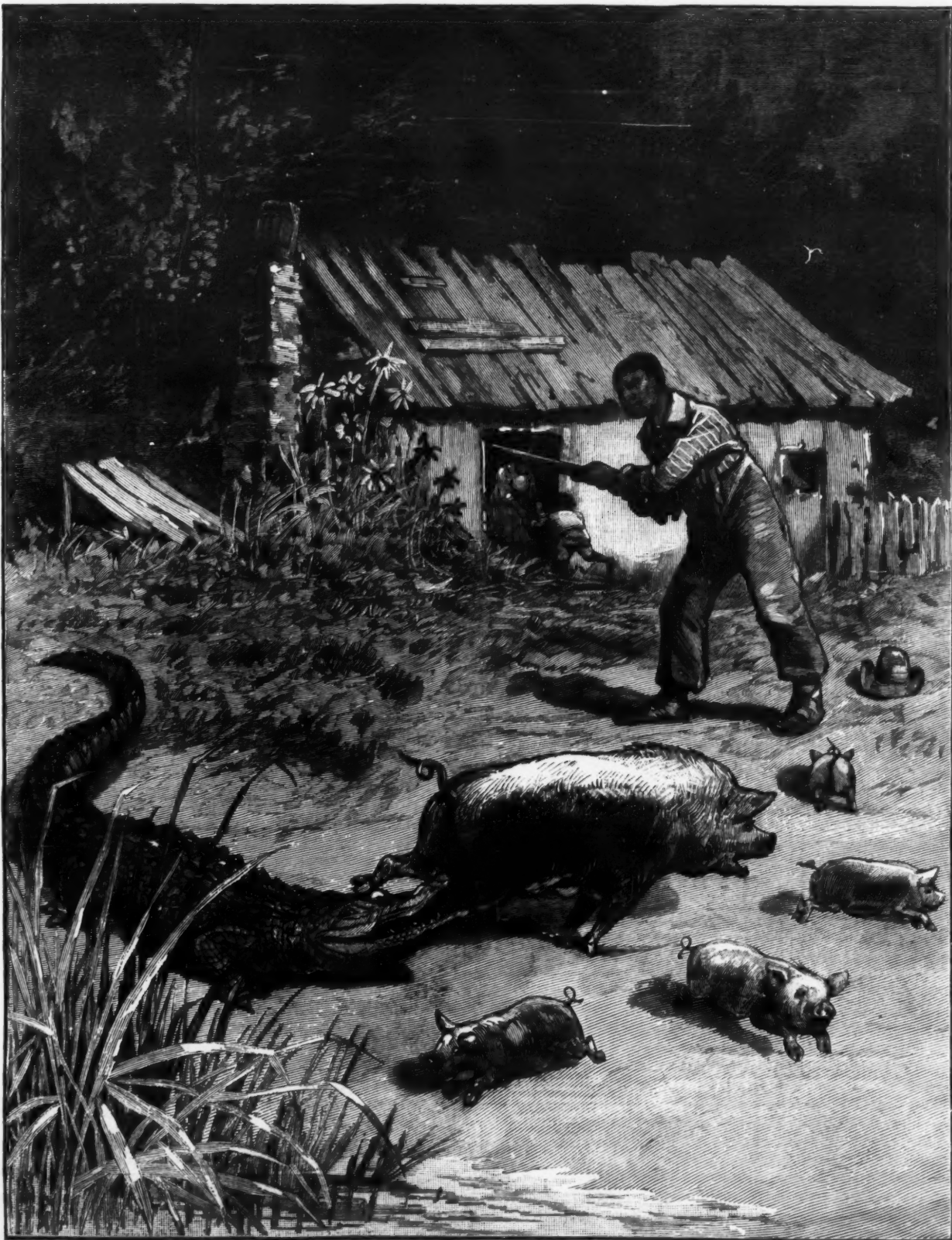
WASHINGTON, D.C.—WASHINGTON'S "LITTLE HATCHET," AS SOLD ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ON "DEDICATION DAY."

"READING THE NEWS."

ONE would suppose that the unfortunates to whom the world offers no better refuge than the almshouse, would soon become indifferent to the world's affairs; but such is not by any means the fact. Our illustration depicts a scene which may be witnessed daily at the New York city Almshouse, on Blackwell's Island, and doubtless in many similar institutions in all parts of the country. Gathered in a favorite spot, where the sunshine brightens the aged faces and warms the aged limbs, the paupers listen eagerly while one of their number reads aloud the news of the day from a stray newspaper, the thought of each, perhaps, wandering away at intervals to scenes and events in which he was once associated in that busy world, which no longer remembers or misses him. There is a pathos in the scene which cannot but touch every sensitive imagination, but to those to whom it is all so real it is more than pathetic; it is tragic, for it tells of lives wasted, of souls marred, and too often of a despair which shall never have an end. Alas! that the world should be so full of such scenes of helplessness, and of a misery which is only too often the logical outcome of an abuse of life's opportunities.

"A LOVER OF PORK."

OUR illustration, entitled "A Lover of Pork," tells its own story. An alligator, possibly impelled by hunger, has invaded the premises of a negro living on a Florida water-course, and is in the act of seizing and carrying off a plump and somewhat reluctant porker, when the owner appears upon the scene and hurriedly interferes for the rescue of his property. The struggle for possession is still undecided; and we leave the reader to form his own conclusions as to the probable issue. The crocodile certainly seems to have the best of it, but possibly he may yet find it convenient to abandon the contest, as his resolute assailant "warms to the work" of recovering his endangered possessions.



A LOVER OF PORK; OR, A QUESTION OF POSSESSION.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GARIBALDI MONUMENT, ABOUT TO BE ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 27.

ures that come so natural to the man of the sea. Everything about you bespeaks the fact that you are upon the deck of a man-of-war of a nation at peace with all the world.

You wonder what all these men (there are just three hundred on board) are here for. Do they do nothing but lounge, smoke and play backgammon! This is Saturday afternoon, and Jack is enjoying his well-earned half-holiday. Sunday, too, is a day of rest so far as practicable, but during the remaining five days of the week scarcely an hour passes, from sunrise to sunset, that some work is not carried on, looking either to the discipline and efficiency of the crew, or to the repair and neat appearance of the vessel. Let us look at the routine of a single day. All hands are called at half-past four, and half an hour is allowed in which to lash and stow hammocks, get a cup of coffee, and take a few whiffs at the pipe. At five the decks are swept down, and the work of cleaning ship for the day begins: the decks are wet down fore and aft, and sprinkled with sand; the ladders are hauled up from below; the gratings spread along the deck, and all are thoroughly scrubbed with hickory brooms until sand and brooms can make them no whiter. The scrubbing completed, the operations of clamping and drying down are gone through with, the whole consuming about two hours. The yards are then squared, the rigging hauled taut, bright work cleaned, and by the time all is finished it is the hour for the color evolution. By the color evolution is meant the exercise that attends the hoisting of the colors at eight o'clock; it is usually some short, light drill, such as sending up top-gallant masts, crossing top-gallant and royal yards, or losing sail to a bowline.

It is now a few minutes after eight and breakfast time. Three-quarters of an hour are allotted for breakfast, and at the expiration of that period "turn to" again, clean gun bright-work, sweep down and clear up for quarters. Quarters and inspection at half-past nine; after which, exercise by divisions at small

arms, great guns, pistols or broadswords: or perhaps all hands take part in battalion drill, or in "away all boats armed and equipped." The forenoon drill consumes about forty-five minutes, and then the work of the day commences. The nature of the work, of course, varies from day to day, but during the month embraces repairs to hull, spars, machinery, sails and awnings, setting up rigging, tearing down, and a hundred and one odd jobs—not to mention the incessant scraping, polishing and painting that goes on year in and year out.

Dinner at twelve, and one hour is allowed for the meal. Then the inevitable "turn to" and the work of the forenoon is resumed, unless, indeed, it be suspended for the sake of a little more drill. At five o'clock "Knock off all work," clear up for quarters, another muster and inspection, and supper at half-past five. The fare provided at all meals is simple, yet wholesome and good, liberal in allowance, and sufficiently varied for all healthful requirements. After supper all boats are hoisted, and the work of the day is practically over, although the men stand by for a call until nine o'clock. At that hour the anchor-watch is set, latoo is sounded, the crew seek their hammocks, and silence reigns over all, to be broken only by the reveille of the morrow.

The seaman's amusements on boardship are necessarily limited in character. Cards are prohibited for obvious reasons, but checkers, chess, backgammon and dominoes are recognized and encouraged, and each game numbers among its devotees some very earnest and able exponents. Swimming and boating are also encouraged, but the latter pastime lacks too much of the essential of novelty to make it popular, as it is with the man on shore, while on the other hand, anomalous as it may appear, although opportunities for bathing are eagerly sought after, scarce one schoolboy in a hundred but has more frequent and more favorable chances in this direction than the man afloat.

In addition to the means of recreation here enumerated, the crew of this ship have access to a well-selected library of works of fiction, history, travel and biography, a resource of which the modern man-of-war-man is only too glad to avail himself.

But, after all, the sailor's chief delight consists in a run ashore, with its attendant freedom from the discipline and restraint of life on shipboard. His proverbial respect for and devotion to the fair sex, tend to make him a favorite with the ladies, whilst his frank, fearless character, his good-nature, his thrilling yarns, his lavish generosity, make him the welcome guest of all.

With forty-eight hours liberty and a month's pay in his pocket, there is no happier soul alive than "Jack ashore."

FUN.

COLD CONTRACTS—That is why February has but twenty-eight days.

A LAND SLIDE is a sort of highland fling for the people in the valley to dance.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know "the most important figures for the German this season." How many more times will we have to repeat that we do not keep posted on the price of beer?

THE latest news from Africa is that the Zulu king has the croup. This news is doubted by many; but, notwithstanding, the friends of the king have sent him a case of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and consequently know his cure is certain.

"What makes your bean always stay so late?" asked Amanda Blodson of Amelia Popinjay. "I can't get rid of him," replied Amelia, frankly. "The truth is he is one of those 'go-as-you-please' young men."

BLONDE YOUNG LADY (apparently fishing for a compliment): What type of beauty do you admire the most, Mr. Standinggalley? Mr. Standinggalley (a member of Typographical Union No. 6): Nonpareil cast on a minion body and set double leaded.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

A FEW years ago the health of Mrs. Livermore became so impaired that she was forced to retire from the lecture field. How and by what means she was restored to health is related in an interesting letter to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, of Philadelphia, dated Feb. 1, 1884. From this letter we make the following extract:

"Four years ago this Spring, at the end of a very severe and exhaustive winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My superb constitution had hitherto carried me triumphantly through every task I had imposed on myself. But I was now completely prostrated with no power of recuperation. I could sleep but two or three hours of the twenty-four, and then only in a semi-sitting position, because of a difficulty of breathing—suffered excruciatingly from sciatica and neuralgia of the stomach—experienced the torment of indigestion, and the train of ills that follow, and was harassed by optical illusions, which were a source of great discomfort, although I knew them to be illusions. My mental depression was as severe as my physical prostration. I believed the hopeless invalidation, which I had dreaded, had come to me, and my chief aim was to hide myself from friends and acquaintances who were afflicted on my account.

"My physician recommended a trip to Europe. The change brought no radical improvement. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen, and were enthusiastic in its praises.

"My husband immediately ordered a Home Treatment. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions, before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health and youthful vigor. I resumed work immediately, and have assiduously followed the most laborious vocation ever since, although long past the time of life when it is considered safe to toil severely and unremittingly."

In another letter Mrs. Livermore says: "I have always and everywhere proclaimed the excellence of the Compound Oxygen. I could not live without it, unless I abandoned all my work and simply existed, and I would rather die than do that."

A Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, sent free. Address, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the adoption of clothes by barbarous races leads sooner or later to their extinction. The fewer garments they wear the greater their longevity. Now we know why ballet girls live so long.

NIGHTMARE.

SICK-HEADACHE, depression of spirits and want of ambition are symptoms of a diseased liver. The lungs, stomach and bowels are all in sympathy. Life is only a living death. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" acts upon the torpid liver, and effectually removes all these difficulties and disorders. Nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings and irritability of temper all disappear.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

PROF. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening, without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

A GOOD REPUTATION.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath."

They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter-stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRINCE NICOLAS TSHERBATOV,

Flag Lieutenant Imperial Russian Navy, in speaking of the efficacy of the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF Tonic, says: "It is a most excellent tonic." Edwin Booth says: "It did me much good." General Franz Sigel says: "It benefited me very much." Invalids in debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache.

DANDRUFF

IS REMOVED BY THE USE OF COCAINE, AND it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. BARNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

WHAT WOULD THE WORLD DO

Without woman? asks the essayist who starts out to say something new on this oft-treated subject. Of course the human element of the world would not exist without woman, so the question is gratuitous. It would have been far more sensible to ask: What would the world do without the salvation of woman—without a panacea for her physical ills, and a cure for her peculiar diseases? In a word, what would the world do without Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," the great remedy for female weaknesses? It is indispensable for the ills of woman-kind.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. LAWRENCE, 190 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPE'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters.
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOth AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.
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FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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ANNEX ON EUROPEAN PLAN.

ROOMS SINGLY AND EN SUITE.
ACCOMMODATIONS UNSURPASSED.

H. L. HOYT, Manager.



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Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

FUSIL OIL—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician. Positive Cure for Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases. Endorsed by over 3,500 Physicians and Chemists. Invaluable as a STIMULANT AND TONIC in Typhoid Fever, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of your PURE MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt, contains a very careful fermentation and distillation, is entirely free from fusil oil and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore, RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION."

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself—Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."

The late HARVEY L. BYRD, M.D., President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says: "I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskies of the present day."

JAMES J. O'DEA, M.D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey. I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."

FRED. H. SAWERS, M.D., of Rochester, N.Y., a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior reliable article and can heartily recommend it in low states of fevers, acute inflammations, and depressing maladies generally, and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases, where an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phthisis Pulmonalis."

IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. and those afflicted with HEMORRHOIDS, send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all Express Charges prepaid a plain case (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing SIX Quart bottles of our PURE MALT WHISKEY and with it in writing, and under the Seal of the Company a SURE and POSITIVE CURE for CONSUMPTION and other WASTING DISEASES in their early stages. This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, Dr. Von Vonders. It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our PURE MALT WHISKEY being of the ingredients.)

After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

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Sample Quart Bottles sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely packed in plain case, Express charges prepaid on receipt of \$1.25.

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, etc. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor.

27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1874. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

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BOXES FOR SECURITIES, JEWELRY or other valuables to rent at \$10 per annum and upward, in FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts

A sure cure for Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness of Body & Mind, etc. Write for Pamphlet on Manly Vigor, free. DR. L. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, New York.

THE BEST

remedy, for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the stomach or liver, is Ayer's Pills. Mrs. Rachel C. Decker-ton, Germantown, Pa., writes: "For three years I was afflicted with Liver Complaint. I tried the best physicians in the country, but could get no relief. I was advised to use Ayer's Pills, and, having done so, believe my liver is now in a perfectly healthy condition." Thos. Gerrish, Webster, N. H., writes: "I was compelled to quit work in consequence of a severe bilious trouble. In less than one month I was cured by the use of Ayer's Pills." Jacob Little, Tampico, Mexico, writes: "Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, which annoyed me for years. By using them occasionally, I enjoy the best of health."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
For sale by all Druggists.

EFFECTS.

Ayer's Pills are made from the concentrated extracts and active remedial principles of purely vegetable substances. They are, therefore, far more effective and satisfactory in their cathartic, diuretic, and tonic effects than Pills made by the ordinary process from powdered drugs. M. C. Lawson, Greenville, Tenn., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver troubles with excellent results." J. M. Hodgdon, Stillwater, Minn., writes: "Ayer's Pills are invaluable as a cathartic, and especially for their action upon the liver. I am sure they saved my life." Antoine Albertz, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of a severe bilious attack, when the medicine given me by the doctors failed to do any good."

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS PLASTIC STOVE LINING.

A durable and economical lining for Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces, and useful for repairing joints, broken fire-brick and other surfaces exposed to fire-heat.

Send for Full Descriptive Catalogue, Samples, etc.

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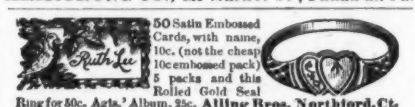
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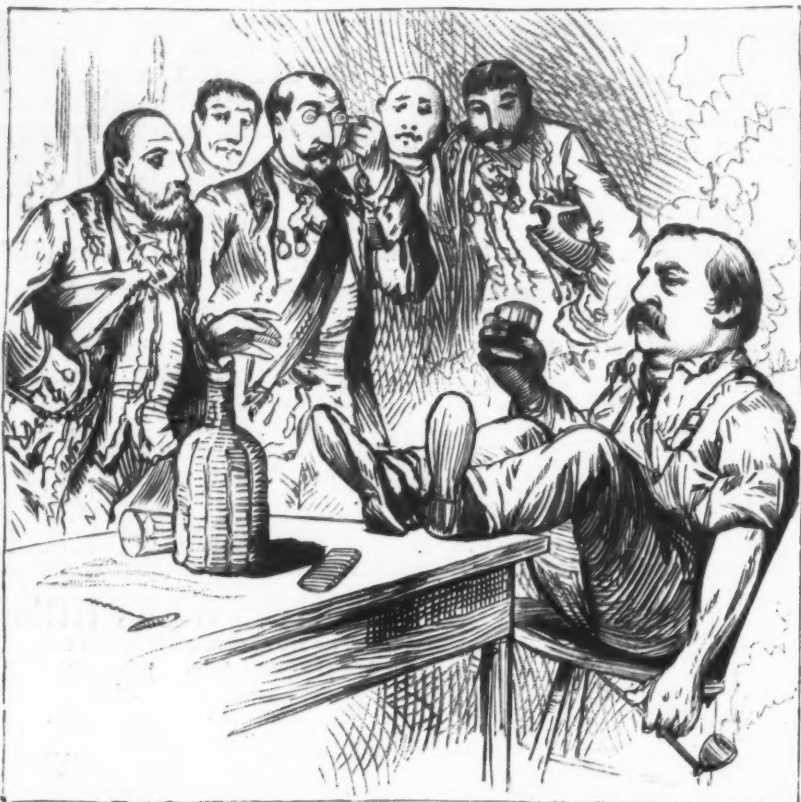
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